SHAKESPEARE'S MERCHANT OF VENICE

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Audrey Horn.

SHAKESPEARE'S

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

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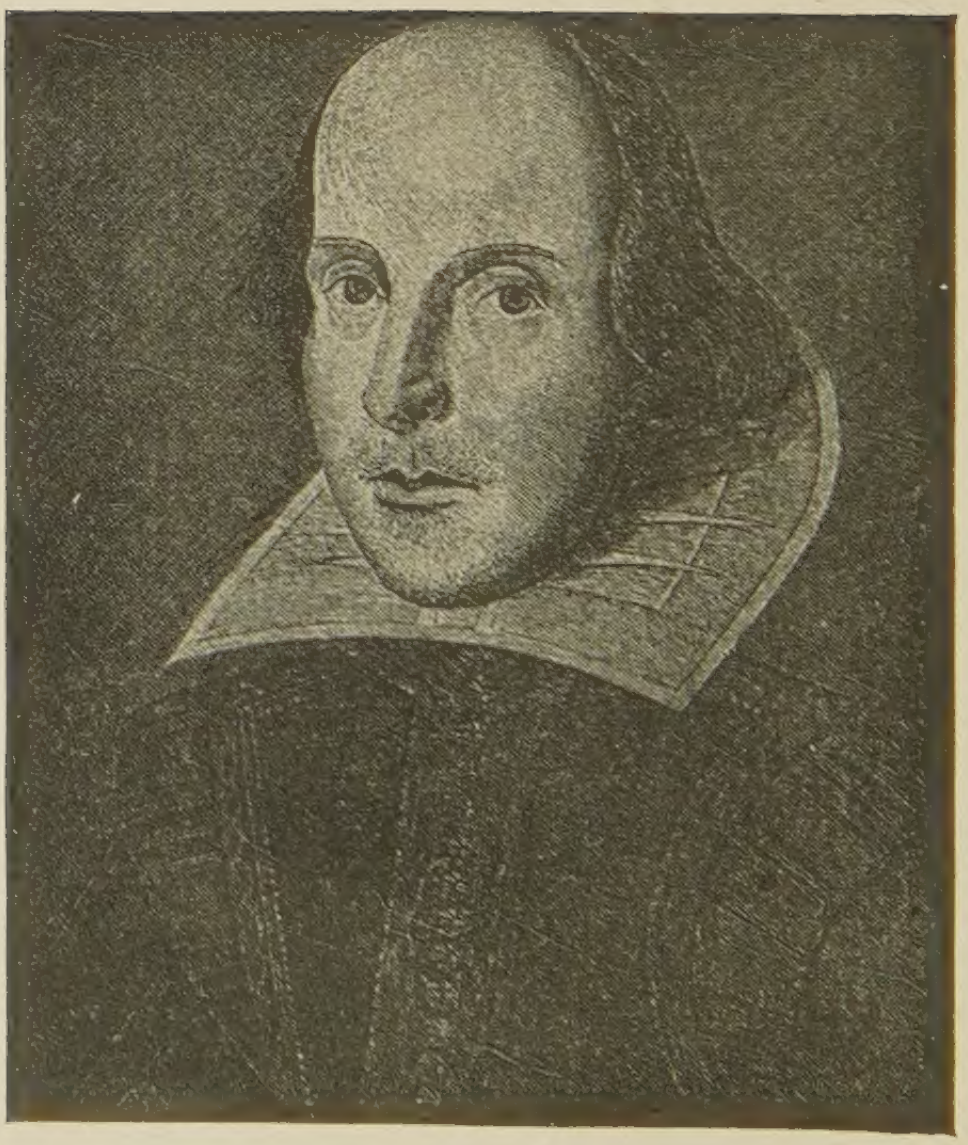

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE'S

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

EDITED WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

CHARLOTTE WHIPPLE UNDERWOOD

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH IN THE LEWIS INSTITUTE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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PREFACE

This edition of *The Merchant of Venice* comes into being because of the pleasure I have found in teaching Shakespeare to classes of boys and girls in secondary schools, and because I have felt the need of giving such classes certain questions and suggestions to help them in their study.

The teacher of fiction aims to secure from pupils a thoughtful, accurate interpretation of an author's words, and at the same time to arouse an enthusiastic interest in the characters portrayed. To know life is the great end of all literary study, and nothing else is important except as it finally serves this end. In my own teaching of Shakespeare, I have found that a careful study of the poet's meaning never failed to strengthen interest in his characters. I am convinced, therefore, that classes, especially those just beginning

to study Shakespeare, need to give more thought than they often do to the author's language. It is frequently desirable to require from a student the paraphrase of a difficult passage. The dangers of this practice may be fully counteracted by the memorizing of many quotations, and by the reading of many passages aloud.

The practice of reading aloud from the play is always to be commended. Far more valuable to the pupil often than any explanation and study is the hearing of some passage appreciatively read by a teacher. When the play has been carefully worked over line by line, when its characters have been discussed in all possible relations and from every conceivable point of view, even when long quotations have been committed to memory, still the class has not come fully into its inheritance until the whole play, or the most of it, has been read aloud, — whole scenes and whole acts at a time, — and that by pupils who have previously rehearsed their parts with spirit and expression.

The notes in this edition do not pretend to give facts that may be found in such a book as Webster's *Academic Dictionary.* They do, however, aim to give much condensed information for which the student might otherwise need to refer to Classical Dictionaries and similar sources. Many of the notes are in the form of questions, not because each teacher may not find much better ones himself for his own students, but because these may serve to direct the class in its study and to show it what to study for.

In preparing this edition my aim has been merely to present existing knowledge in a form adapted to classes in secondary schools. This work would not have been possible without the help of Dr. Furness' *Variorum,* of Dr. Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon,* of Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar,* of Halliwell-Phillips' *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare,* of Symonds' *Shakespere's Predecessors in the English Drama,* and of Sydney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare.* Where I have quoted from the *Variorum* or from Schmidt, I have not usually stated my authority,

unless I have given long passages verbatim. I am indebted for very helpful suggestions to many other school editions of Shakespeare, especially to the excellent one of this play by Professor Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley, and to the one of Macbeth by Head Professor Manly of the University of Chicago.

I wish to express my gratitude to several friends for criticism and encouragement: to Mr. C. W. French, Principal of the Hyde Park High School, Chicago, and to my colleagues, Miss Jane F. Noble and Miss Julia F. Dumke. For his kind interest and invaluable assistance I desire especially to thank Dr. E. H. Lewis, Professor of English in Lewis Institute.

C. W. U.

CHICAGO, July 17, 1899.

INTRODUCTION

The Elizabethan Age

The Awakening of England. — England awoke to a new life in the last years of the sixteenth century. It was an era of expansion. In this age, the age of Queen Elizabeth and William Shakespeare, the universities of England were enriched by the newly found treasures of ancient learning; the territory controlled by the British Crown was many times multiplied by the discovery of new continents beyond the sea; her foes were overthrown and vanquished; and peace and prosperity blessed her people. As the warmth and joy of spring comes after the gloom of a long, cold winter, so came the Elizabethan Age in England.

The New Learning. — For centuries the legends and lore of Greece and Rome had been lost to Europe. In 1453, about a hundred years before the birth of Shakespeare, the city of Constantinople was captured

by the Turks. This city, the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire, had long been the rendezvous of Greek scholars. Upon the fall of Constantinople these scholars, carrying with them many precious manuscripts of the Greek and Latin masters, came to the cities of western Europe, especially to Italy. There universities sprang up, and students revelled in the long-lost poetry and philosophy of the classics. Soon learned scholars came from Italy to England to teach in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In return, English scholars and gentlemen visited Florence, Padua, Venice, and Rome, and coming back to England brought to their countrymen Italian tales and old romances. Happiest of all happy coincidences, printing had lately been discovered, and the new literature was soon spread broadcast in the libraries and on the bookstalls of London.

Exploration. — This revival of learning, or the Renaissance, as it is called, was accompanied by a most wonderful series of maritime explorations and adventures. Aroused by a new interest in life, men became anxious to satisfy their curiosity and ambition in searching for new lands and fabled treasures. In less than fifty years after the fall of Constantinople Columbus had discovered America. Discovery followed upon discovery, and colonization and commerce rapidly progressed. By the middle of the sixteenth

century England was fully aware of the boundless opportunities for conquest and expansion that lay before her in the new world beyond the seas.

The Defeat of the Armada. — England was not yet free, however, to enjoy her new possessions unmolested. Spain disputed with her the sovereignty of the seas. About the middle of Elizabeth's reign a crisis came, brought on chiefly because of a difference in religious thought, and Protestant England and Catholic Spain fell to blows. The Spanish fitted out that great fleet, known as the Invincible Armada, and advanced to annihilate their northern foe; but English battle-ships and ocean storms wrought destruction on them, and England became the Mistress of the Seas.

The Effect of the Victory. — The effect of the victory was intoxicating. Every soldier in the English army and navy felt that he had helped to win this glory for his country and his queen. Many a sailor spread his canvas with pride and hopefully sailed away to India in the east, or America in the west, in order that he might bring back riches for himself and for his sovereign. From all over the world came travellers, merchants, scholars, artists, poets, "as o'er a brook," to talk and trade, and often to tarry long in the gay thoroughfares of London. Bright garments and rich quaint costumes filled the streets of that city. Merry-

making was abroad from morning till night. The queen entered heartily into the happy enthusiasm of her people, and led them in it. "Merrie England" justified its name.

Peace. — After the defeat of the Armada years of peace came to England. For a while no foreign foe dared molest this country; the dangers of civil disorder, both political and religious, were deftly avoided by the firm yet gentle guidance of the queen. When life was so full, when there was so much to think about that was new, so many new things to do, peace was most welcome. Chief blessing of all, the energy and charm of this age was to be forever enshrined in its literature, a literature made immortal by the genius of a Spenser, and that of a Shakespeare.

The Life of Shakespeare

Birthplace and Parents. — In the very heart of old England is a village known and loved to-day all over the world — Stratford-on-Avon. The river that flows by its church has lost none of its beauty since William Shakespeare wandered along its banks, nor has the surrounding country become greatly altered. John Shakespeare, father of the poet, was apparently a humble tradesman, a glover, in this village. In 1557 he married Mary Arden, the heiress of a wealthy

farmer in the vicinity, and in consequence of the marriage a change seems to have taken place in his fortunes. This union not only brought him prosperity and wealth, but it seems to have advanced his political standing, and we find him in 1568 the High Bailiff, or Mayor, of Stratford.

It is difficult to appreciate the social conditions of those days. The one-roomed farmhouse from which Mary Arden came was such a one as would be considered to-day better suited to animals than to men. There were no pictures, although their place was supplied by a few painted cloths, on which scenes from the Bible were rudely depicted. A book, unless a copy of the catechism or a prayer-book, was never seen within that house. There was no crockery, forks had not yet been introduced into England, and table-knives and spoons were very scarce. The conditions in Stratford were probably a little better; the house to which John Shakespeare brought his bride was divided into several rooms, was well lighted, and was comparatively comfortable. Yet so poor was the drainage in this town, that here, as in the cities, the plague made frequent and fearful ravages. If in the homes of the nobility and in the queen's palace there was more of wealth and display, it cannot be said that even there the ordinary conveniences of existence were any greater than in the houses of the townspeople.

Boyhood. — William Shakespeare, born in 1564, was the oldest of a family of six children. We can easily imagine what his early years must have been in that simple country village. Probably he went to the free grammar school when he was about seven years old. Here he studied, in addition to the three R's, a little Latin, perhaps a little Greek. His father suffered a reverse of fortune when William was thirteen, and it appears that the boy was soon taken out of school and apprenticed to learn some trade. School and business, nevertheless, did not fill the lad's mind to the exclusion of nature and boyish sports. It is only necessary to know the poet himself, in order to be sure of this fact. There was, it is likely, one form of amusement that he never failed to appreciate. This was seeing the plays that strolling bands of actors performed in Stratford and in the neighboring towns. These companies either brought their rude stage along with them on wheels, or acted in the yard of the tavern or in the town hall. Their plays were mostly of the kind known as Moralities, in which the actors, like the personages of an allegory, represented the different virtues and vices. Such plays, perhaps, did not seem so dull to Shakespeare as they would to us, but even if they did, there was better acting in the town of Coventry, only twenty miles from Stratford. This town was famous for its Miracle plays. The Miracles

or Mysteries, were plays based on Bible narratives. Rude and grotesque as were the costumes and the acting, the scenes were very real to the spectators. The people who witnessed the representation of the sacrifice of Isaac, the carrying off of sinners into the horrible flames of Hell-Mouth, or the sufferings and crucifixion of Christ, felt no lack of tragedy and passion in the dramas presented to them. Neither was the comic element wanting; the devil and his demons furnished all needed fun, and that of the most boisterous kind. Finally, there was Kenilworth castle, fifteen miles north of Stratford, and it was here, when Shakespeare was only a boy of eleven, that the great Queen Elizabeth came for a visit, with display of processions and gorgeous pageantry. Think you that any wide-awake youngster of Stratford would have failed to see something of such attractions as these?

Marriage and Departure for London. — When he was only eighteen, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, a young woman seven or eight years older than himself. The couple seem to have made their home in Stratford. In the year after the marriage a daughter was born, and two years later, twins, a boy and a girl. Whether he found it difficult to support this little family by means of such employment as his native town afforded, or whether, as tradition tells, Shakespeare got into difficulties with a certain Sir

Thomas Lucy for stealing deer from that gentleman's park, certain it is that the young man left his family in Stratford about the year 1585, and departed to try his fortune in London.

London and London Theatres. — We have already taken a glance at London in the Elizabethan age; it is not difficult to appreciate what a school its very streets must have been to one whose wits were sharp and whose nature was social. No college training, no study of any kind could have been so powerful in the development of the poet, as was intercourse with the men with whom he was to become acquainted in London. When he entered the city, however, Shakespeare had no prestige, probably no friends, and worse than all no money to speak of. There is an ill-founded tradition that he secured employment at first in caring for the horses on which the gallants of the city rode from their homes to the theatres. Another tradition says that he was a prompter's assistant on the stage. However this may have been, it is apparent that soon after his arrival in London Shakespeare became associated with some of the theatres. The only play-houses then belonging to London were two small unroofed wooden structures in the fields outside the city gates. The plays were acted by daylight on stages devoid of scenery, where little but a placard announced the change of place from act to act. On the

stage itself sat the gay gallants of the town, smoking and laughing, and joking the boy actors who appeared in the character of women. Those not favored with seats of such prominence found places in the galleries, or stood with the jostling crowd on the ground below. Yet rude as was the play-house, scholars and poets were turning their attention to the plays, and the theatres did not fail to attract crowds of citizens. The drama had already won favor with the queen, who soon gained the reputation of loving plays as much as she loved the ostentation of her court and of her own apparel.

Life as an Actor and Playwright. — Two years after Shakespeare came to London he had formed some connection with the theatres, but not until five years later is there any record of what he was doing. Then (1592) we find that he had already become known as an actor, and that his popularity as a writer of plays was exciting the jealousy of other London dramatists, one of whom referred to him as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers . . . and being, . . . in his owne conceit, the only Shakes-scene in a countrie." From now on until a few years before his death (1616) Shakespeare was continually acting with some of the theatrical companies, playing before the queen in her palace on holidays, — especially in the Christmas time, — wandering from one town to another with the players when their services were not required in the capital, and all the

time revising old plays and turning old stories into new plays of his own. Below is given a list[1] of the plays in the approximate order of their composition.

1. Pre-Shakespearian Group.
(*Touched by Shakespeare.*)
Titus Andronicus (1588–90).[2]
1 Henry VI. (1590–91).

2. Early Comedies.
Love's Labour's Lost (1590).
Comedy of Errors (1591).
Two Gentlemen of Verona (1592–93).
Midsummer Night's Dream (1593–94).

3. Marlowe-Shakespeare Group: Early History.
2 and 3 Henry VI. (1591–92).
Richard III. (1593).

4. Early Tragedy.
Romeo and Juliet (? two dates, 1591, 1596–97).

5. Middle History.
Richard II. (1594).
King John (1595).

6. Middle Comedy.
Merchant of Venice (1596).

[1] From Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*.
[2] Sidney Lee (*Life of Shakespeare*) says that Titus Andronicus was composed soon after 1592.

7. Later History.

History and Comedy united.

1 and 2 Henry IV. (1597–98).
Henry V. (1599).

8. Later Comedy.

(a) *Rough and boisterous Comedy.*
Taming of the Shrew (? 1597).
Merry Wives (? 1598).
(b) *Joyous, refined, romantic.*
Much Ado about Nothing (1598).
As You Like It (1599).
Twelfth Night (1600–01).
(c) *Serious, dark, ironical.*
All's Well (? 1601–02).[1]
Measure for Measure (1603).
Troilus and Cressida (? 1603; revised 1607 ?)

9. Middle Tragedy.

Julius Cæsar (1601).
Hamlet (1602).

10. Later Tragedy.

Othello (1604).
Lear (1605).
Macbeth (1606).
Antony and Cleopatra (1607).
Coriolanus (1608).
Timon (1607–08).

[1] Sidney Lee assigns this play to 1595.

11. Romances.

Pericles (1608).
Cymbeline (1609).
Tempest (1610).
Winter's Tale (1610–11).

12. Fragments.

Two Noble Kinsmen (1612).
Henry VIII. (1612–13).

Retirement to Stratford, and Death. — When John Shakespeare chose his son William as the boy of all his family best adapted to a business life, and took him from school to apprentice him to a trade, he proved that his own judgment was sound. The man who had entered London in 1585 not only rose to fame as an author in less than fifteen years, but in that same time acquired for himself a respectable fortune, and purchased a handsome estate in Stratford. After 1598 the poet is known in the village records as "William Shakespere of Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman." One bitter sorrow had come to him amidst all the success of these years, for in 1596 he lost his little boy, Hamnet. This loss must have been a heavy blow to him, but he kept on working in London, and it is very doubtful if he spent much of his time away from the city during the next fifteen years. In 1601 his father died. In 1607

and 1608 he was obliged to part with his youngest brother and with his mother. Early in the latter year, however, the birth of a granddaughter sent a ray of sunshine into the darkness. Thus he lived and worked, amid joy and sorrow, hoping for the time when he might forever leave the noisy city for the quiet Stratford home. At last in 1611 his expectations were realized, but only five years after the happy home life had actually begun, he was called upon to leave all on earth that was dear to him and to lay down his hopes and his labors forever. He died in April, 1616.

Pictures of Shakespeare. — Shakespeare was buried in the village church of Stratford. On the stone slab that covers his grave are some lines, once thought to have been written by himself.

> "Good frend, for Jesus sake forbeare
> To digg the dust encloased heare:
> Bleste be the man that spares thes stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones."

In this same church, not long after his death, a bust of Shakespeare was erected by his daughter and her husband. This bust is supposed to have been once a good likeness of the poet; some think that the artist had as his model a mask taken from Shakespeare's face. Time, however, has sadly marred the bust in

the Stratford church. There is one other likeness, a portrait, regarded as fairly authentic, which in 1623 was prefixed to the first collective edition of Shakespeare's works. A copy of this portrait forms the frontispiece of the present edition of *The Merchant of Venice.*

The Fate of his Works. — Of the house that Shakespeare meant to be the home of his last years, hardly one stone remains upon another. His line of descent became extinct with the death of his granddaughter in 1670. His works, however, remain, although many have been the dangers through which they have passed. At the time in which Shakespeare was writing his plays in London, the theatrical managers and agents for whom he wrote were not usually willing to let the manuscripts of plays fall into the hands of printers. The deputies of leading publishers, nevertheless, frequently visited the play-houses, and sought by a system of shorthand notes to steal the words from the actors' lips. Many a spurious and garbled edition was thus thrown upon the market. Sometimes also in self-defence the author was obliged to deliver his manuscript to the printer. Even when the manuscript could be obtained, it was doubtless often hard to decipher it because of the many changes and notes that had been inserted during rehearsals. These earlier editions were called "quartos" from the

size of the pages. They were pamphlets measuring on the average $8\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It was not until 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, that any effort was made to print an edition of all his works. In this year two of his most intimate friends, themselves formerly actors with him, attempted such an edition, which is known as the "first folio." The folio measured about 12 by 8 inches. Some of the plays in this book had doubtless never been published before, and were taken directly from Shakespeare's manuscript, or from stage copies of the manuscripts. Others are known to have been reprints of quartos. Among this latter number was *The Merchant of Venice.* This was twice issued as a quarto by different printers in the year 1600, and the text of the second quarto the editors of the folio virtually copied in their edition.

The Language of the Plays. — Although in some passages we have not exactly the words written by Shakespeare, we are not often justified in thinking that the text as we possess it has mistakes in it. Furthermore, we must not esteem Shakespeare incorrect when we find him using words and constructions contrary to the canons of modern dictionaries and grammars. The difference that exists between his language and ours is caused chiefly by the changes that the English language as a whole has undergone. Let one glance at a page of Chaucer, written nearly

five hundred years ago, and English though it be, he will find that he almost needs a translation. Here are the first lines of Chaucer's most famous poem: —

> "Whan that Aprille with his showres sote
> The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
> And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
> Of which vertu engendred is the flour;"

Or, let the student read a page of *Poor Richard's Almanack,* written by Franklin about a hundred years ago. Even in Franklin there is unfamiliar spelling, and many a strange, old-fashioned phrase. All this goes to prove that language is constantly changing, constantly adding new words and dropping old ones. Some words, moreover, although they are not entirely dropped from the language, lose certain meanings which they once possessed, and are not now easily understood when used with their obsolete signification. Shakespeare wrote his plays not only three hundred years ago, but at a time when the English language was subject to many influences that were rapidly changing it from the ancient to the modern form. Many peculiarities are therefore to be expected.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

[The text used is that of the Cambridge edition]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Duke of Venice.
The Prince of Morocco, } *suitors to* **Portia**.
The Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, *a merchant of Venice.*
Bassanio, *his friend, suitor likewise to* **Portia**.
Salanio, }
Salarino, }
Gratiano, } *friends to* **Antonio** *and* **Bassanio**.
Salerio, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* **Jessica**.
Shylock, *a rich Jew.*
Tubal, *a Jew, his friend*
Launcelot Gobbo, *the clown,* **servant to Shylock**.
Old Gobbo, *father to Launcelot.*
Leonardo, *servant to Bassanio.*
Balthasar, } *servants to* **Portia**.
Stephano, }

Portia, *a rich heiress.*
Nerissa, *her waiting-maid.*
Jessica, *daughter to* **Shylock**.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court **of Justice, Gaoler**, Servants to **Portia, and other Attendants.**

Scene: ***Partly at Venice***, *and partly at Belmont, the seat of* **Portia** *on the Continent.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT FIRST. — Scene I

Venice.° *A street.*

Enter Antonio,° Salarino, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It° wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,°
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit° sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean°;
There, where your argosies° with portly sail,
Like signiors° and rich burghers° on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants° of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers

That curt'sy° to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.°
Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad.° I should be still°
Plucking the grass,° to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;°
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand
Vailing° her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial.° Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,°
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought°

To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,°
That such a thing° bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio°
Is sad to think° upon his merchandise.
Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom° trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. Why, then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not° in love neither°? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,°
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,°
That they'll not show their teeth in way of° smile,
Though Nestor° swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,°
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented° me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh°? say, when?
You grow exceeding° strange°: must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect° upon the world:

They lose° it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano°;
A stage, where every man must play a part,°
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool°:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying° groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks, —
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream° and mantle° like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,°
With purpose° to be dress'd in an opinion°
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit°;
As who° should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only° are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would° almost damn those ears,

Which,° hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon,° this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.°

Lor. Well, we will leave you,° then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,°
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.°

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried.

[*Exeunt* Gratiano *and* Lorenzo.

Ant. Is that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something° showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged°
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time,° something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of° honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight°
The self-same way with more advised° watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.°

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self° way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As° I will watch the aim, or° to find both,
Or° bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance°;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong°
In making question° of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest° unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left:
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,°
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes° from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia°:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks°
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece°;

Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one° of them,
I have a mind presages° me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently° inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust,° or for my sake.° [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Belmont.° A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia° *and* Nerissa.°

Por. By my troth,° Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes

are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean°: superfluity° comes sooner by white hairs; but competency° lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.° 1

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper° leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple.° But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose"! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor° refuse none°?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of

gold, silver, and lead, — whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, — will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name° them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level° at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation° to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Ner. Then there is the County° Palatine.°

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should° say, "If you will not have me, choose°:" he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher° when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness° in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by° the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! — why, he hath a horse better than the Nea-

politan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite° him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he° understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper° man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited°! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under° for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an° the worst fall° that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary° casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort° than your father's imposition,° depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla,° I will die as chaste as Diana,° unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers

are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four° strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition° of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.
Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. A public place.°

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.°

Shy. Three thousand ducats°; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you° stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound. 10

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good° man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition:

he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto,° he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered° abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured° I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite° conjured the devil into.° I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning° publican° he looks!° I hate him for he is a Christian;

But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance° here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,°
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,°
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,°
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear? 50

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To* ANT.] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.°

Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess, 60
Yet, to supply the ripe wants° of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd°
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot; three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.°
Ant. I do never use° it.
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As° his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor;° ay, he was the third,°—
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised°
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands;
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.°
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,

But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted° to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture° for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside° falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding° to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance° is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say

"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum° upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last:
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys"?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break,° thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends° with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,

Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind° I offer.
Bass. This were° kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single° bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal° pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal° to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect°
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for° my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful° guard
Of an unthrifty knave°; and presently°
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND. — Scene I.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco* *and his train;* Portia, Nerissa, *and others attending.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery° of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus'° fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest,° his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect° of mine
Hath fear'd° the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of° choice I am not solely led
By nice° direction° of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right° of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted° me

And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who° wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair°
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy° and a Persian prince
That won three fields° of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules° and Lichas° play at dice
Which is the better° man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,

Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.°

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.°

Por. First, forward to the temple° after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me° blest° or cursed'st° among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Venice. A street.

Enter LAUNCELOT.°

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve° me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via°!" says the fiend;

"away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack,° something grow to,° he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark,° is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence,° is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal°; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience,° to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.°

Enter Old Gobbo, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master° young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind,° high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry,° at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties,° 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding° poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.°

Laun. Well, let his father be what a'° will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo,° old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't° please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Mas-

ter Launcelot, father°; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three° and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post,° a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, at the length, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be!° what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest° to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground.° My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs.° Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare for-

tune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO *and other* Followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a* Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy°! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, — as my father shall specify, —

Gob. He hath a great infection,° sir, as one would say, to serve —

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, — as my father shall specify, —

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,° —

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, — as my

father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify° unto you, —

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is, —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.° What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect° of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd° thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb° is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded° than his fellows'; see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I

have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table° which doth offer to swear upon a book,° I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple° line of life: here's a small trifle of wives°: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! a'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed°; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench° for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* Launcelot *and* Old Gobbo.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio, —

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts° that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal.° Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty°
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued° in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,°
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes°
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say "amen;"
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent°
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit° of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Shylock's house.°

Enter JESSICA° *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit° my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! But adieu: these

foolish drops do something° drown my manly spirit:
adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners.° O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.* 2c

SCENE IV.

The same. A street

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in° supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us° yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile,° unless it may be quaintly° order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours°
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT. *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up° this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave,° sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll begone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging° some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SALAN

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake°:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless° Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say°!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth° to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.° 20

Shy. So do I his.°

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque°; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday° last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd° fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah°;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess'° eye.° [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's° offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, "Farewell, mistress;" nothing else.

Shy. The patch° is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:

Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,°
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit*

Scene VI.

The same.

Enter Gratiano *and* Salarino, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house° under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour° is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons° fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged° faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased° than enjoy'd.
How like a younker° or a prodigal

The scarfed° bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica, *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows°
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit°;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.°
Why, 'tis an office of discovery,° love;
And I should° be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close° night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some mo° ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood,° a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me° but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.°

Enter Jessica, *below.*

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with* Jessica *and* Salarino.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there? 60
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty° out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. *Enter* Portia, *with the* Prince of Morocco, *and their trains.*

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover°

The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
"Who° chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"
The second, silver, which° this promise carries,
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,°
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.°

Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give, — for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue°?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even° hand:

If thou be'st rated° by thy estimation,°
Thou dost deserve enough°; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeared of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here°?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine,° this mortal-breathing° saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts° and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia°:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious° head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits°; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation°
To think so base a thought: it were too gross

To rib° her cerecloth° in the obscure° grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times° undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon°;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may°!
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*
Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death,° within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.
[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside° to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your° answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.
Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.
[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*
Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Venice. A street.

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke°
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets°:
"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,°
Or he shall pay for this.°
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd° with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught°:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed

Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so;
Slubber° not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay° the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love°:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To° courtship, and such fair ostents° of love
As shall conveniently° become you there:"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible°
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only° loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Belmont. A room in Portia's *house.*

Enter Nerissa *and a* Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain straight°

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election° presently.°

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, *and their trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnised:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.°
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage°:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.°
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so I have address'd° me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You° shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire! that "many" may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond[3] eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather° on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with° common spirits,°
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.°
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"
And well said too; for who should go about
To cozen° fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates,° degrees° and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear° honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover° that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd°
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times

To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.°

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.°

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend,° and judge,° are distinct° offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried° this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,°
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.

Take what wife you will° to bed,
I will ever be your head°:
So be gone: you are sped.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.°

[*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate° fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit° to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw° the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here: what would my lord°?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible° regreets,°
To wit, besides commends° and courteous breath,

Gifts of rich value. Yet° I have not seen
So likely° an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day° wit° in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!° [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Salanio *and* Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked,° that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas°; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the car-

cases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger,° or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? . Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say "amen" betimes, lest the devil cross° my prayer,° for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor° that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion° of 30
them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil° may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood° to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between 40
your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish.° But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match°: a bankrupt, a prodigal,° who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.° 50

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for°?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing

else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced° me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility°? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard° but I will better the instruction.°

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* Salan. Salar. *and* Servant.

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort The curse° never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed° at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: — and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God,° I thank God! Is't true, is't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter° spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting°! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors° in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak° him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue°; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

BELMONT. *A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants.*

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing° wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,°
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.°
But lest you should not understand me° well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month° or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;°
So will I never be: so may you miss me;

But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew° your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd° me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,°
Let fortune go to hell° for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize° the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason° there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,°
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life°
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess,' and 'love,'

Had been the very sum of my confession°:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,°
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him.° He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,°
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence,° but with much more love,
Than young Alcides,° when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling° Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared° visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!

Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy° bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves°:
The world is still° deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures° the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules° and frowning Mars°;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white° as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement°
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness,° often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled° shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty°; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas,° I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale° and common drudge°
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,

Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!°
Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As° doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!
Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god°
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,°
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends.° Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd.° Yet look, how far°
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow

Doth limp behind the substance.° Here's the scroll.
The continent° and summary of my fortune.
[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.°
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am; though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;

A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,°
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account°; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,°
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now,° but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage° the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage° to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood° speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,

As, after some oration fairly spoke°
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me°:
And when your honours mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.°
No more pertains° to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls°:

For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.°

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal. 210

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel°?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio°?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice.*

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends° and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord·
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends° him to you. [*Gives* Bassanio *a letter*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.°
Gra. Nerissa, cheer° yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal° merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd° contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world

Could turn so much the constitution°
Of any constant° man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half° yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,°
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?

And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Saler. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,°
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes°
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.°
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied° spirit

In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour° more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer°:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in pay-

ing it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I,° if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler,° look to him: tell not me of mercy:
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet,° good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog° before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:

The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty° gaoler, that thou art so fond°
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*
Salar. It is the most impenetrable° cur
That ever kept° with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd° from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity° that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it° be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city

Consisteth of all nations.° Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated° me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit°
Of god-like amity°; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,°
How dear a lover° of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty° can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for° doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions°
That do converse and waste° the time together,

Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion°
Of lineaments, of manners° and of spirit°;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul°
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself°;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition°;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair° commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed°
Unto the tranect,° to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient° speed.

[*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand

That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint° lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal°: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device

When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles° to-day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot *and* Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you.° I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation° of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of bastard° hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got° you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla,° your

father, I fall into Charybdis,° your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable° in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover'° is the word.

Lor. Will you cover,° then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling° with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours° and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited°!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy° the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet

The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it,° then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.°

Lor. No; pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt*

ACT FOURTH. — SCENE I.

Venice. A court of justice.°

Enter the DUKE, *the* Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, *and others.*

Duke. What,° is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From° any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify°
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,°
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's° reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer,° with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny° and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion° of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse° more strange°
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety° of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow° to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices° of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.°

Shy. I have possess'd° your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn

To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter° and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour°: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned°? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig°;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat:
Now, for your answer,
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain° loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing° suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current° of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill°?
Bass. Every offence° is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think° you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate° his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines°
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,°
When they are fretten° with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that — than which what's harder? —
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency°
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,°
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. [*Presenting a letter.*
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.° Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit° enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable° dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.°
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,°
That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd° for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st° thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*reads*] Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation° was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant:

we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack° a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia *for* Balthasar.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference°

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn° you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger,° do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality° of mercy is not strain'd,°
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute° to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons° justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow,° this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head°! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.° And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be°; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error,° by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.°

Shy. A Daniel° come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul°?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on° my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent° and purpose° of the law
Hath full relation to° the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder° art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond: — doth it not, noble judge? —
'Nearest his heart°:' those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance° here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use°

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death°;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas°
Had been her husband rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!°
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge!° A sentence! Come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.°

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.°

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy° coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto° a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter° gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for° one half of his goods,

I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use,° to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.°
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.°
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:

I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify° this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* Duke *and his train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats,° due unto the Jew,
We freely cope° your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
[*To* Ant.
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:
[*To* Bass.
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle°!
I will not shame myself to give° you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,

And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A street.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice°
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
[*Aside to* PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. [*Aside to* NER.] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old° swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.—SCENE I.

Belmont.° *Avenue to* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus° methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe° fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido° with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea° gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.°

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola°! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in? 50
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.
[*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become° the touches° of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines° of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,°
Still quiring° to the young-eyed cherubins°;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay°
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.°

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana° with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits° are attentive°:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual° stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze

By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet°
Did feign° that Orpheus° drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit° are dull° as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus°:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.°

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed° in a naughty° world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect°:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended°; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by-season° season'd° are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace,° ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,°
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take

No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket° sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, *and their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,°
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light°;
For a light wife doth make a heavy° husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort° all! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.°

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.°
Gra. [*To* NERISSA.] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy° was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'
Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,° and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed° boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad° at it.
Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain° the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty°
To° urge the thing held as a ceremony°?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;

Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have.

Ner. Nor I his clerk; therefore be well advised°
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;

In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth°;
Which,° but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried°: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano.
Por. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you

Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,°
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

Act I. Scene I.

Venice. Although in the Elizabethan age in England there was almost no scenery on the rude stages of the London theatres, yet to Shakespeare, and to the people who saw his plays, the very mention of Venice must have suggested everything most brilliant and magnificent. Travellers who had recently returned to England gave almost incredible descriptions of the fair "Bride of the Adriatic," as Venice was called. The audience assembled in the theatre could easily picture the wondrously built Italian city; in the sunlight they could see the glow of white marble and gold from the walls of her palaces, and could catch the iridescent rays of color reflected from the mosaics that ornamented her churches, or at night they could hear the cry of the gondolier, as he pushed his boat around the winding canals.

The colored photographs of Venice, now comparatively inexpensive even in America, are very helpful in gaining some conception of this city. See, especially, the views of the Grand Canal, of the Rialto, of the Ducal Palace, and of St. Mark's.

However insufficient the scenery of the Elizabethan stage may have been, the actors were not failing in splendor of costume. We do not need to know the exact fashions at Venice in the sixteenth century, but we must imagine them as rich and picturesque. **Antonio**, Godwin thinks, would wear a doublet,

trunk-hose, stockings, and shoes. Over his shoulders would be a large cape of silk or brocade, with a collar; around his neck and wrists ruffs; on his head a cap of some becoming shape, and on his hands gloves. Knight thinks that **Bassanio** would be similarly attired, but with somewhat more splendor apparently. His doublet and hose would be slashed into openings shaped like stars or crosses, and through these slashes would be seen brilliant silk linings. Gold buttons, lace, and velvet would add to the richness of his lover's outfit.

[In the text a small mark, "°", is placed after words or phrases commented upon in the notes. The numerals below refer to the numbers of the lines. Until the end of the second scene no references are made to the metre, as this matter should not be considered at the very beginning of the play — not until the language has grown a little familiar, and the characters have won the student's interest.]

l. 2. **It.** What?

l. 3. **caught it, found it, came by it.** Are these three expressions synonymous?

l. 6. **want-wit.** Of the several meanings given in the dictionary for *wit*, which is the one intended here?

l. 8. **ocean.** Pronounce as a trisyllable.

l. 9. **argosies.** Large merchantmen, probably so named from the Adriatic port, Ragusa. Some scholars have maintained that the word *argosy* has some connection with *Argo*, the name of the ship in which Jason (I., i., 172) sailed for the Golden Fleece, but no reference to the ship *Argo* is traceable in the early use of the word.

l. 10. **signiors.** Gentlemen.

l. 10. **burghers.** Citizens.

l. 11. **pageants.** The movable stages which were drawn around the streets in Shakespeare's day, and on which plays were acted or tableaux presented. They were similar to the "floats" in our modern street processions.

l. 13. **curt'sy.** What would cause "the petty traffickers" really to appear to "curt'sy"?

l. 14. What comparison is implied in this line? What alliteration is there?

l. 17. **abroad.** Cf. Matt. vi. 21. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

l. 17. **still.** Always. Note that the word frequently has this meaning in Shakespeare.

l. 18. **Plucking the grass.** Would a Venetian be likely to talk much about grass?

l. 19. **roads.** In the name of what harbor in the United States is this word still preserved with the meaning intended here?

l. 28. **Vailing.** Lowering, dipping.

l. 29. **burial.** What other word is usually in compound with this when the meaning is the one here intended?

l. 35. **this.** Salarino accompanies this word with some gesture expressive of the great value of the ship's cargo.

l. 36. **thought.** Power of mind or of imagination.

l. 37. **thought.** Here used in the ordinary sense.

l. 38. **such a thing.** Does Salarino mean by this, *such a situation as that in which Antonio is placed*, or, *such an accident as the one imagined just now?*

l. 39. What word should be emphasized in reading this line?

l. 40. **to think.** This apparent infinitive is really not an infinitive at all, but a gerund, a construction that will be understood by Latin students. In order to give the intended meaning in modern English, it will be necessary to change the verb to the participle in "-ing." and to prefix some other preposition than "to." In the present instance "to think" translates best as "in thinking," or "because of thinking." This gerund originally had a different ending to distinguish it from the infinitive.

l. 42. **in one bottom.** What common proverb would express the idea of this line?

l. 47. **Not . . . neither.** Would two negatives be right here to-day?

l. 50. **Janus.** Why is it especially fitting here that Salarino should swear by the two-headed Roman god? (*Clas. Dict.*)

54. **aspect'.** Accent the second syllable.

l. 55. **in way of.** What ellipsis before way?

l. 56. **Nestor.** The oldest and most serious-minded of the Greek warriors that went to the Trojan war. (*Clas. Dict.*)

l. 57. **your most noble kinsman.** Whose kinsman?

l. 61. **prevented.** Come before. The word is used in its original Latin meaning.

l. 66. **laugh.** Have a good time together. To whom is Bassanio talking?

l. 67. **exceeding.** What form of this word would we require here to-day?

l. 67. **strange.** Like a stranger.

l. 74. **respect.** Thought.

l. 75. **lose.** In what sense may Antonio, even at the time that Gratiano is speaking, be said to be "losing the world"?

l. 77. What word should be emphasized in reading this line?

ll. 78, 79. **play a part.** Cf. the familiar lines in *As You Like It*:—

> "All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players."

l. 79. **fool.** This is not used at all in the modern sense of the word, but in reference to a professional jester, known as the "court-fool," a personage who was kept in the palace to amuse the king and his nobles.

l. 82. **mortifying.** Deadly, used in the strict Latin sense. What other instance have we had in the play of a word used with its original Latin meaning? In regard to the statement made in this line Rolfe says, "There may be an allusion here to the old belief that every sigh or groan robbed the heart of a drop of blood." Judging from the first seven lines of Gratiano's

speech, what should you say was his theory as to the cause of disease?

l. 89. **cream . . . mantle.** Both used as verbs, although used to-day chiefly as nouns.

l. 90. **entertain.** Maintain.

l. 91. **With purpose.** With *the* purpose.

l. 91. **opinion.** Reputation.

l. 92. **conceit.** This word generally meant *thought*, as here. To what have we narrowed its meaning?

l. 93. **As who.** What ellipsis here?

ll. 93, 94. In what tone do you suppose Gratiano would speak these lines, and how would they be greeted by the others, including Antonio?

l. 96. **That therefore only**, etc. Who are reputed wise merely for saying nothing.

l. 98. **would.** An ellipsis of the subject.

ll. 98, 99. **those ears, Which.** Those people who. In explanation of this line recall the following, Matt. v. 22: "But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."

l. 102. **gudgeon.** A cheap fish easily caught. Explain the comparison.

l. 104. **exhortation after dinner.** It is thought that Shakespeare is making a hit at the enthusiastic preachers of the

Protestant churches of his day, who often had such long sermons, that their congregations had to come back after dinner to hear the end of them — this in spite of the fact that an hour-glass was kept in plain sight on an iron stand near the pulpit. What other reference has already been made to a distinguishing feature of Elizabethan times? Recall all the comparisons expressed or implied in lines 79–102.

l. 105. **leave you.** Why had not Lorenzo taken his leave at I., i., 70?

l. 108. **moe.** More.

l. 110. **for this gear.** A phrase equivalent to "for this stuff"; *i.e. for what you have said against silent people.*

l. 124. **something.** Somewhat. As regards the meaning, what word does this modify, and what order of words would make the meaning of the verse clearer?

l. 126. **to be abridged.** The gerund. How will you translate the phrase according to the suggestions in the note on I., i., 40?

l. 129. **my time.** What very common excuse does Bassanio offer as a reason for his extravagance?

l. 137. **Within the eye of.** Within range of, in the limits of.

l. 141. **flight.** Arrows were said to have different "flights," or ranges, according to their weight and shape.

l. 142. **advised.** Here, as often, the -ed should be pronounced as a separate syllable.

l. 145. **innocence.** Is Bassanio ashamed of his request or not? Think whether *innocence* means *childishness* here, or *honesty?*

l. 148. **self.** Same, very.

l. 150. **As.** For so.

ll. 150, 151. **or . . . Or.** What would modern usage demand here?

l. 154. **circumstance.** Ceremony.

l. 155. An expression in this line that occurred before; where?

l. 156. **question.** In what sense had Bassanio "questioned" Antonio's means?

l. 160. **prest.** Prompt.

l. 162. **that word.** What word?

l. 163. **sometimes.** In times past.

l. 166. **Brutus' Portia.** A noble Roman lady, the wife of the Brutus who led the conspiracy against Julius Cæsar. See Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* and *Clas. Dict.*

l. 169. What especially beautiful phrase in this line?

l. 170. The **golden fleece** was kept carefully guarded by the king of Colchos, a country bordering on the Black Sea. A mythical Greek hero, Jason, with a band of brave men in his wonderful ship, the *Argo*, sailed in quest of it. By the aid of Medea, a sorceress, the daughter of the king, he succeeded in getting the treasure. See *Clas. Dict.*

l. 174. **one.** Any one.

l. 175. **presages.** Ellipsis of the subject.

l. 183. **presently.** Immediately. Remember that the word is constantly used in this meaning in Shakespeare.

l. 185. **of my trust.** On my credit. What is the difference between this and **for my sake**?

ll. 1–67. What, in brief, are all the possible causes that have been suggested for Antonio's sadness? Does Gratiano succeed any better than the others in cheering Antonio? Is Gratiano sincere in all he says? With what feelings do Gratiano and Antonio part?

ll. 1–110. Is Antonio telling the truth in I., i., 1, or does he not wish to tell the cause of his sadness? How does Salarino succeed in his attempts to cheer Antonio? With what feelings do they part? How does Antonio prove himself a gentleman? One of the foregoing speakers is a good artist in language; using his own words as much as possible, give some of the pictures that he draws, and tell what words were especially well chosen by him. What is Antonio's reputation as a merchant?

ll. 1–185. Why does Bassanio not question Antonio as to the cause of his sadness? Is Bassanio in love with Portia? Has he seen her? What can you tell of the personal appearance of Portia? What does Bassanio consider essential in a beautiful woman besides beauty of face? What is the cause of Antonio's sadness? natural disposition? disappointed love? presentiment? loneliness? selfishness? Name in this scene the five single words or very short phrases which you consider express the most, and express it with great beauty or great exactness. Two subjects, the cause of Antonio's gloom, and the reason why Bassanio wished to win Portia, it will be well to keep in mind for long themes at the end of the play.

SCENE II

Belmont. Mrs. Jameson imagines Belmont as "on some lovely promontory" northeast of Venice, and "overlooking the blue Adriatic," with hills or mountains "for its background." In her fancy this writer sees Portia treading "among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, o'er cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry, amid gardens full of statues, and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music." Doubtless Shakespeare himself dreamed of nothing less beautiful or romantic for the environment of his heroine.

Portia. We may imagine the dress of Portia made of costly silk and velvet, cut in some old Venetian style, and looped and embroidered with pearls and jewels. Chains of pearls would probably be around her neck and in her hair, and a dainty reticule hung from her girdle.

Nerissa was not an ordinary servant, but a gentlewoman, suited to be the companion, as well as the attendant, of her mistress. Her name signifies "black." If she was dark, would her complexion resemble that of Portia, or not?

l. 1. **troth.** Another form of what word, and meaning the same as what word in the first line of Scene i.? Portia is in a mood similar to that of what other person in the play?

l. 8. **in the mean.** We speak commonly of "the golden mean" between two extremes.

l. 8. What expression is there in this line that we had in another form in I., i., 3? Is it familiar to you in conversation?

ll. 8, 9. It will be easier to understand the comparison in

these two lines, if, for the abstract qualities of **superfluity** and **competency** we substitute personalities, a person over wealthy, and one enjoying a competency.

l. 10. **pronounced.** Uttered.

l. 18. **temper.** Disposition.

ll. 19, 20. What picture do you see in this comparison?

l. 26. **nor . . . none.** Where in I., i., have we had an instance of the same construction, of the double negative?

l. 35. **over-name.** Give some other modern compound words where *over* still comes first.

l. 37. **level.** What comparison has Portia in mind?

l. 39. Explain the pun in this line.

l. 40. **appropriation.** Addition.

l. 42. **County.** Count.

l. 42. **Palatine.** Having privileges similar to those of a king. Allied to the word *palace.*

l. 43. What ellipsis in this line? Where did the same expression occur before in one of Gratiano's speeches?

l. 44. **choose.** How do you interpret the words that Portia imagines the Count as saying? Some have thought it was meant to be punctuated thus: "If you will not have me choose—" What would it mean then?

l. 46. **weeping philosopher.** Heraclitus, a Greek philosopher; justly or not, he was thought of as always groaning over the sins of men, and received this epithet in contrast to that of Democritus, the "laugher."

l. 47. **sadness.** Miss Bates asks whether the sadness of the Count resembles that of Antonio. Does it? Does it resemble that of the "dumb wise men" that Gratiano talked about?

l. 50. **by.** What other preposition would be used here to-day?

l. 61. **requite him.** How?

l. 64. What words are punned upon?

l. 68. **proper.** Pretty.

l. 70. **suited.** Dressed.

l. 79. **sealed under.** Became surety for. Explain the transaction.

l. 85. **an.** If. "An" occurs very often in Shakespeare with this meaning.

l. 86. **fall.** In the sense intended here, what prefix would we put to this word?

l. 92. **contrary.** Wrong.

l. 100. **sort.** Manner.

l. 101. **imposition.** Command. How have we narrowed its meaning?

l. 102. **Sibylla.** There were in Roman story several prophetic women known as sibyls. This one was doubtless the Cumæan Sibyl, to whom Apollo promised as many years of life as she could hold grains of sand in her hand. She unfortunately forgot to ask for youth, and at last after many centuries she withered away until she was only a voice.

l. 103. **Diana.** The sister of Apollo, and a virgin.

l. 119. **four.** What should the number be? Some think that this shows a trace of an old play that Shakespeare used as the basis of the *Merchant of Venice.*

l. 125. **condition.** Disposition.

ll. 1–129. About which one of the suitors does Portia make the most cutting remarks? Why, probably, have these suitors given up the attempt to win Portia? Does Portia feel that she is doing wrong to "mock" the suitors as she does in this scene? Does she show her confidence in Nerissa? What have you learned from this scene of Portia's age, appearance, education, and character? Does Nerissa know which is the right casket? Why do you think that Portia's father made such a will? Ought Portia to obey the will under all circumstances? Is she determined to do so? Why is Portia "aweary of this great world"? What do we learn of Bassanio from this scene? Was he right in his impression of Portia's feeling toward himself? What purpose does Nerissa serve in this scene? Recall all the comparisons made or implied in this scene. Which seems the most witty? Which the most beautiful? (Make references to definite lines.) Keep in mind all you learn of the character of Portia and of Bassanio, that later you may discuss their characters in themes.

Read over, toward the end of the notes, the article entitled, The Metre of the Play. Where do you find prose in these last two scenes, and what seems in each case to be the reason for the change from verse to prose, or *vice versa?* Where do you find incomplete lines, or Alexandrines? Reasons for such lines? Find three lines, in each of which a trochee or an anapest is

substituted for an iambus. Where do you find any rhymes? Find three lines with feminine endings.

Scene III

public place. We may imagine the place to be an open plaza, cleanly paved. Lounging in the shade of the buildings, and talking here and there in little groups, we may fancy the richly dressed Venetian gentlemen and merchants, while an occasional street vender strolls by trying to dispose of the wares that he carries in his basket.

Shylock. Edwin Booth, one of the best actors that ever took the part of Shylock, writes: "My costume for Shylock . . . consists of a long, dark-green gown, trimmed at the edge of the skirt with an irregular device of brown colour. A dark-brown gaberdine, with flowing sleeves and hood, lined with green, and trimmed as the gown. A variegated scarf about the waist, from which depends a leather pouch. Red-leather pointed shoes, and a hat of orange-tawny colour. . . . Head gray and pretty bald; beard of same colour and quite long. Ear-rings and several finger-rings, one on the thumb and one on forefinger; a long, knotted staff." (Quoted by Dr. Furness.)

Booth: "Shylock enters with slow, shuffling gait; restless, half-closed eyes, and the fingers of his disengaged hand (one holds his staff) ever moving, as if from the constant habit of feeling and caressing the ducats that are passing through them. Speaks with a measured and rather a gruff voice."

G. H. Lewes, speaking of another famous actor, Kean, writes: "From the first moment that he appeared and leant upon his

stick to listen gravely while moneys are requested of him, he impressed the audience, as Douglas Jerrold used to say, 'like a chapter of Genesis.'"

l. 1. **ducats.** "The value of the Venetian silver ducat was about that of the American dollar." — Rolfe. If the golden ducat is referred to here, the sum would be many times larger.

l. 7. **May you.** Are you willing?

l. 12. **good.** In what sense does Shylock use this word, and how does Bassanio at first understand him?

l. 19. **Rialto.** The board of trade at Venice, a building located at the end of the famous bridge which was known as the Rialto, and which is more generally thought of when that name is mentioned.

l. 21. **squandered.** Scattered. What does Shylock think of Antonio's business judgment in thus scattering his ventures abroad?

l. 29. **assured.** How does Shylock change the meaning of Bassanio's words?

l. 33. **Nazarite** is used here in the sense of *Nazarene.*

l. 34. **devil into.** In this connection note the following: (Two men "possessed with devils" have cried out on the approach of Jesus.) "So the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine.

"And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine; and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters." **Matt. viii. 31, 32.**

l. 39. **publican.** A Roman tax-gatherer in the time that Rome ruled Judæa. These people, under the system known as "farming out" the taxes, made themselves very obnoxious to the Jews. The law allowed them to keep for themselves as much money as they could get in addition to the established tax. Jesus was especially despised by the Jews, we remember, because he associated "with *publicans* and sinners" (Matt. x. 11).

l. 39. **fawning.** The publicans could not usually be described by this epithet — quite the contrary, indeed. But there must have been something a little more agreeable — or less insulting — in Antonio's appearance, to draw forth the adjective from Shylock, and lead him to join it to the most infamous name he knew. Is it natural for Shylock thus to refer to passages in the New Testament?

l. 39. Why is verse resumed with this line?

l. 43. **usance.** In this play *usance*, as well as *usury*, means simply *interest*. To be sure, the Jews were said to charge a rate of fifteen per cent at Venice in those days, but interest at whatever rate was considered wrong. Men could understand how animals and plants could reproduce after their kind, and multiply without the hand of man, but money — metal — was a "barren" thing, and there was something uncanny in the thought of its increase.

l. 44. **upon the hip.** A phrase used in wrestling.

l. 46. **rails.** Scolds.

l. 48. **thrift.** Is this word used here with the same mean-

ing as in I., i., 175? Which does Shylock think more at stake, his honor as a man and a merchant, or his honor as a Jew? What have Antonio and Bassanio been saying during this *aside* of Shylock's?

ll. 51–58. Where does Shylock play the hypocrite in this speech, and why? At the end of the speech has he decided to lend the money?

l. 61. ripe wants. What comparison is suggested in the word *ripe*?

l. 62. possess'd. Informed. Often used in Shakespeare with this meaning.

ll. 67, 68. What prompts Shylock to speak these lines?

l. 68. use. Make a practice of.

l. 71. As. In the same sense as in I., i., 150.

l. 72. third possessor. You will recall the trick that Rebekah practised in order to deceive Isaac, and to get for Jacob the blessings and the rights of the elder son, Esau. See Gen. xxvii.

l. 72. ay, he was the third. Some actors give this line in an exultant voice; some only in a hesitating manner, as if Shylock was only trying to accurately remember the facts.

l. 76. compromised. Agreed. The following lines simply give another instance in which Jacob won prosperity by shrewdness.

ll. 69–84. Why does Shylock tell this long story, that is so little to the point of the discussion, especially when the Christians are in a hurry for the money?

l. 88. **inserted.** Where?

l. 92. **Scripture.** On what occasion in the New Testament is the devil recorded as "citing Scripture for his purpose"? See Matt. iv. 1–11.

l. 96. **goodly outside.** What means do they accuse Shylock of using to give "a goodly outside" to what they regard as his evil practice of usury?

l. 99. **beholding.** Beholden, under obligations.

l. 104. **sufferance.** Bearing with patience.

l. 111. **void your rheum.** Cast your spittle.

l. 130. **Who if he break.** Describe what sudden change seems to have occurred in the mind of the writer after he started to write these two lines. To correct the grammatical structure, what word should you insert in place of *Who?*

l. 132. **friends.** What causes this sudden change in Shylock's attitude? Has Antonio frightened him?

l. 136. **kind.** What is kind?

l. 137. **were.** Why not *was?*

l. 139. **single.** Some think this means that the name of Antonio was to be the only one affixed to the contract; others, that this was a legal term, implying that the bond was to be one without any conditions of forfeiture, *i.e.* none more than the apparent jest about the pound of flesh.

l. 143. **equal.** Exact.

l. 148. **not seal.** Why does Bassanio take alarm here?

Does Antonio feel no suspicion? or, if he does, why does he not show it?

l. 155. **suspect.** What ellipsis before this word?

l. 164. **for.** Contrary to the opinion of most of the commentators, I cannot but think that this word may mean here *in return for*. Most of the generally accepted authorities read this as meaning *for the sake of*. In what way does Shylock accuse the Christians of "wronging him"?

l. 169. **fearful.** Untrustworthy.

l. 170. **knave.** Used often in Shakespeare in its old meaning of boy, or "fellow." Cf. German *Knabe*.

l. 170. **presently.** With the same meaning as in I., i., 183.

ll. 1–175. What indications are there in this scene of the commercial importance of Venice? What of the wealth of Antonio? How dare Shylock propose such a bond? Is there any excuse for Antonio's treatment of Shylock? In addition to the fact that a Jew is the principal character, is there another reason why so many references to the Bible should be made in this scene? At what point does Shylock become most eloquent? Is this eloquence attained chiefly by strong comparisons, by forcible words, or by an effective arrangement of the words in the sentence? Can you find any lines where his feelings are expressed as much by the disagreeable combination of harsh consonants as by the signification of the words?

Review of Act I. What one important fact of the story has been learned from each scene of Act I.? What purpose has been accomplished by the act as a whole? Into how many

groups do you divide the personages of this act? Who forms the connecting link between the different groups? What is the strongest character contrast that has yet been presented? What are the two strongest emotions that have been revealed by the characters of this act? Keep in mind, for themes at the close, the development of Shylock's plot against Antonio; also the friendship between Antonio and Bassanio, — whether or not it was equally strong on both sides.

Act II. Scene I

Morocco. From the words the Prince utters, from the way in which Portia addresses him, and from the "Flourish of cornets" mentioned in the stage directions, we may assume in the appearance of both Morocco and his train a great deal of "barbaric splendor."

l. 2. **livery.** Used often in Shakespeare in the sense of a servant's uniform worn to show what master he serves. Whose livery does Morocco wear, and of what color is it?

l. 5. **Phœbus.** Apollo, the god of the sun, or the sun itself.

l. 7. **reddest.** Would this degree of comparison be right here to-day? Red blood was regarded as a sign of courage.

l. 8. **aspect'.** This is one of the words that in Shakespeare's time had the accent nearer the end than it is to-day. Notice where the same word occurs before in I., i., 54.

l. 9. **fear'd.** Used in its original meaning of *frightened.* Is Morocco conceited, or only justly self-respecting?

l. 13. **In terms of.** With respect to.

l. 14. **nice.** Critical.

l. 14. **direction.** Guidance. What words spoken by Morocco have led Portia to say what she does in the first two lines of this speech?

l. 16. **Bars me the right.** Equivalent to "bars *my* right." "Me" is the ethical dative, another Latin construction. A pronoun of the first or second person is often used in this construction to imply that the person speaking or addressed has some interest in the statement made, or to add a familiar, colloquial tone to a sentence. (*Century Dict.*)

l. 17. **scanted.** Limited.

l. 19. **who.** What is its antecedent?

l. 20. **fair.** In view of the first few lines of Morocco's first speech, with what two meanings may Portia possibly use this word? How much of a compliment is there in the last lines of this speech of Portia's? Was the answer true, considering that she had seen Bassanio?

l. 25. **Sophy.** Emperor of Persia.

l. 26. **fields.** What kind? In whose service had Morocco fought?

l. 32. **Hercules and Lichas.** Hercules, also called Alcides, a hero of Greek fable, said to have possessed superhuman strength of muscle, and to have performed many wonderful feats. Lichas was his servant.

l. 33. **better.** In what way?

l. 42. **advised.** Used with the same meaning as before in L., i., 142.

l. 43. What peculiar grammatical construction in this line that has occurred twice before in the play? Find the two other instances.

l. 44. **temple.** Some editors think this was originally written *table;* others think it means the church. Give good reasons for both views, and in the second case show what Shakespeare has just been writing about that might lead him to give the Greek rather than the Christian word for a place of worship.

l. 46. **To make me.** What ellipsis must be supplied before the beginning of this line?

l. 46. **blest or cursed'st.** What less condensed form of expression would we use here to-day?

ll. 1–46. Read toward the end of the notes the article on the Duration of the Action, and tell what reasons there are for the elapse of not much more than a week between this scene and the last. Why did Morocco wish to win Portia as his wife? Do you think she was inwardly "mocking" him as she mocked the other suitors in her conversation with Nerissa? What is the most important fact that we have learned from this scene?

Scene II

Launcelot. To which one of the three groups of characters presented in Act I. do we now return?

l. 1. **serve.** Assist. At present, however, which attitude is his conscience assuming in regard to his running away?

l. 10. **Via.** "A word of exhortation used by a boat's crew when increasing their stroke."

l. 17. **smack.** Perhaps, *smacking of evil.*

l. 17. **grow to.** Similar in thought to *smack.*

l. 23. **God bless the mark.** This phrase is a parenthetic apology for the use of the word *devil.*

l. 25. **saving your reverence.** See l. 23 above.

l. 26. **incarnal.** A word coined by Launcelot. What word nearly like "incarnal" in sound does Launcelot think he is using?

l. 28. In what two meanings is **conscience** here used?

l. 31. **run.** At this point Launcelot runs off the stage at full speed and bumps into Old Gobbo, who enters leaning on his stick and carrying a basket beneath his arm.

l. 32. **Master.** To see the point in what follows, we must remember that this title was given only to young men of some rank.

l. 35. **sand-blind.** Half-blind. The word has no connection, probably, with *sand*, except in the clownish imagination of Launcelot, but is a corrupted form of *semi-blind.* The other degree of blindness is named by a word of Launcelot's own manufacture; yet what similar phrase have we at present to denote a person that is totally blind?

l. 41. **marry.** Indeed. A corrupted form of Mary, meaning, originally, "by the Virgin Mary."

l. 43. **sonties.** Saints (probably).

l. 50. **exceeding.** Where in I., i., have we had this word used in the same sense as it is here?

l. 51. **well** [redacted] to do, or, perhaps, "With every prospect [redacted] rum.)

l. 52. **a'.** Used among uneducated persons for *he*.

l. 55. **ergo.** Latin for *therefore*. Because of what words just spoken by Gobbo can Launcelot, with perfectly good logic, say here, "*Ergo*, *Master* Launcelot"?

l. 57. **an't.** What is always the meaning of *an* in the plays of Shakespeare?

l. 59. **father.** Used often merely as a term of respect.

l. 61. **Sisters Three.** The three Fates of Greek mythology. These maidens sat spinning the webs of men's lives, and when they decided that any man must die, one of them cut the thread of his existence, and so ended his life.

l. 66. **hovel-post.** Post supporting a hovel, or shed.

l. 90. **Lord worshipped might he be!** Some editors think this means that Launcelot appears to have so much of a beard that he deserves to be treated with the honor paid to a lord. More probably the phrase means, "The Lord be praised." On the stage at this point Launcelot is usually beheld kneeling with the back of his head toward his father.

l. 101. **set up my rest.** Made up my mind.

l. 102. **some ground.** How much would this mean in Venice?

l. 105. **ribs.** Here Launcelot is seen to take old Gobbo's forefinger with one hand, and having spread his own fingers of the other hand out over his own side, he tries to make his father think that the outspread fingers are the protruding ribs of an abused servant.

l. 117. **Gramercy.** The sam[illegible]ch "Grand

merci," or "many thanks." For what does Bassanio thank Gobbo?

l. 121. **infection.** One of the many blunders that Launcelot makes in his attempt to use big words. It is evident what word he means.

l. 127. **cater-cousins.** Equivalent here to *very slight friends.* See Murray's *Oxford Dictionary.*

l. 130. **frutify.** Another blunder. Meant, perhaps, for *fructify;* "*i.e.* bear fruit, in the sense of saying something definite after all this leafy verbiage." (E. H. Lewis.)

l. 138. **One speak for both.** Dr. Furness recalls here also the apparent stage-tradition that makes Launcelot not only constantly interrupt his father, but also turn him swiftly round, and after the delivery of his own speech to Bassanio, turn him as swiftly back again, until the amazed Bassanio says, "One speak for both."

l. 140. **defect.** What word did Launcelot mean to use?

l. 143. **preferr'd.** Recommended. *To prefer* also meant *to promote*, and in this sense Bassanio uses it in *preferment.*

l. 146. **old proverb.** Probably an old Scotch proverb is here referred to: "The grace of God is gear [*i.e.* possessions] enough." Which master has *enough* in this division of the proverb, and which has *the grace of God?*

l. 152. **guarded.** Trimmed, ornamented.

l. 155. **table.** The palm of the hand.

l. 156. **which doth offer to swear upon a book.** Many explanations and emendations have been suggested for this difficult

passage. Professor Gummere's is the simplest and clearest. He merely substitutes *as* for *a*, and reads thus: "Which doth offer (*i.e.* itself) to swear upon (= for swearing upon) as book (*i.e.* so veracious that one could use it as Bible, etc.)." Launcelot wonders if any other man have such a palm. Then, as Professor Gummere adds, *I shall have good fortune* would be a sentence by itself.

l. 157. **simple.** Used ironically; *i.e.* with just the opposite from its apparent meaning.

l. 158. **trifle of wives.** Halliwell quotes from Saunder's book on palmistry: "Long and deep lines from the Mount of Venus [the ball of the thumb] towards the line of life, signifieth so many wives."

l. 161. **edge of a feather-bed.** "A cant phrase to signify danger of marrying." (Warburton.)

l. 163. **wench.** Woman. What phrase in this line occurred before in one of Antonio's speeches in I., i. ?

l. 179. **parts.** Where in I., ii., did the word occur in the same sense as here ?

l. 182. **liberal.** Dr. Furness suggests "free and easy."

l. 183. **modesty.** Moderation.

l. 185. **miscónstrued.** Note the accent, the proper one to-day, as it was in Shakespeare's time.

l. 187. **habit.** Behavior.

l. 190. **hood my eyes, etc.** Implying that at that time men wore their hats at meals.

l. 193. **sad ostent.** Grave appearance.

l. 199. **suit.** To what word used by Gratiano a minute before may Bassanio be playfully referring?

ll. 1–203. What indication has Launcelot given us of the fact that Bassanio has already made rather extensive preparations for his "secret pilgrimage" to Belmont? In what line has Bassanio spoken words that would lead us to think that some little time had already elapsed since the close of Act I.? What are the qualities of Launcelot's humor? By what devices of language does he display this humor? In what respects do Launcelot and Gratiano resemble each other? In what respects do they differ? What fact important to the story has been learned from this scene? How has the scene served to make us feel that some time has elapsed? What has been gained for the effect of the play by introducing such a character as Launcelot? What is the brightest thing that Launcelot says? Why is old Gobbo introduced? (Give references to lines.)

SCENE III

Shylock's house. Would Shylock's house be richly furnished?

Jessica would be dressed as quaintly as Portia. Would she be as richly dressed?

l. 10. **exhibit.** If Launcelot has the right word this time, what does this line mean? What does it mean if *exhibit* be a blunder for *inhibit*?

l. 12. **something.** Used in the same meaning as in I., i., 124.

l. 18. **manners.** Ideals, and ways of life; with a broader meaning than it has to-day.

ll. 1–20. From this scene, what important fact has been learned that aids the development of the plot? Upon whose character especially does the scene shed light? In what ways in this scene does Jessica show herself distinctly not "a daughter to her father's manners"? Does she in any way show herself "a daughter to his blood"? Is Launcelot sincere in his feeling for Jessica?

Scene IV

l. 1. **in.** What is meant — "at," "during," or "in the course of"?

l. 5. **spoke us.** This may be equivalent to *bespoke us;* or *us* may be the mistake of an early printer for *as.* What grammatical peculiarity still remains in the expression?

l. 6. **vile.** Low, common. What is?

l. 6. **quaintly.** Prettily.

l. 8. **two hours.** Bassanio ordered supper to be ready at what time? How do you reconcile the two passages?

l. 10. **break up,** *i.e.* the seal.

l. 15. **By your leave.** What is Launcelot about to do?

l. 26. **Gratiano's lodging.** Is this the place first appointed as their rendezvous? Has the purpose of the masque changed? What may possibly have been the only reason for it originally?

l. 34. **If** there is a pun in this line, what is it?

l. 37. **faithless.** According to what standard, and in what sense?

ll. 1–39. In what two love affairs is Gratiano getting mixed up? In which case does the lover put the greater confidence in him? Does Lorenzo seem sincerely in love with Jessica? What point has been gained from this scene in the further development of the plot?

Review the substance of the last four scenes in a brief statement.

Scene V

ll. 1–6. Does Shylock address all of these six lines to the same person?

l. 11. **bid forth.** About what time of the day was it, probably, that the invitation came? When previously had Shylock had an invitation to dine with Bassanio? What was his answer then? What has caused the change in his attitude?

ll. 20, 21. What is Launcelot's blunder? What bearing has Shylock's rejoinder on the question of his plot against Antonio?

l. 23. **masque.** Why, if Launcelot does not wish to let the secret out, does he mention a *masque?*

l. 25. **Black-Monday.** Easter Monday. In 1360 Edward III. of England and his army lay encamped before Paris. It was a stormy day, and "so bitter cold that many men died on their horses backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day it hath beene called the *Blacke monday.*" (Stowe.) Out of the rest of Launcelot's speech, we have no difficulty in getting as much sense as he himself got. What remark of Shylock's is Launcelot perhaps mocking in this nonsense about a nose-bleed? What other reason may he have for talking nonsense?

l. 30. wry-neck'd. Having a crooked and distorted neck.

l. 38. sirrah. To people of what rank is this word usually addressed? (See I., ii.)

l. 43. Jewess'. Commentators think that as this was originally written (perhaps *Jewes*), it was the possessive of *Jew*. At any rate, the latter word was formerly used both of men and of women. What proof of this fact in II., iii.?

l. 43. eye. Knight says: "That worth was the price the persecuted Jews paid for immunity from mutilation and death. When our rapacious King John extorted an enormous sum from the Jew of Bristol by drawing his teeth, the threat of putting out an eye would have the like effect upon other Jews."

l. 44. Hagar. See Gen. xxi. 9–21. Hagar and Sarah were the two wives of Abraham. Hagar was a bondswoman, and, because of the jealousy of Sarah, Abraham cast out from his home Hagar and her child Ishmael, and sent them to wander in the desert. Ishmael is considered by the Mohammedans as their ancestor. Shylock regards Launcelot as the offspring of Hagar, in view of the fact that Launcelot is a servant, as Hagar was.

l. 46. patch. So named from the motley garb that a fool usually wore.

l. 56. crost, thwarted.

ll. 1–57. What feelings has Shylock shown toward Jessica in this scene? What other feelings than those exhibited in II., iii. has Jessica shown toward her father? Is she justified in leaving him? What is the difference between the protection that Portia's father has secured for her and that which Shylock de-

vises for Jessica? Which needed protection the more? What does this scene give as a reason for II., ii., 142? What is the most important point of the story learned from this scene? For themes later, keep especially in mind the character of Shylock as a father; also the characters of Portia and Jessica as daughters.

SCENE VI

l. 1. **pent-house.** A shed hanging out from a main building.

l. 2. **hour.** Is this the *hour* that was to elapse before they met at Gratiano's lodging, the *hour* that they were to spend away from the banquet-table preparing the masque, or is it *the appointed time* that Lorenzo had set to be with them at this place?

l. 5. **pigeons.** Doves were said to draw the chariot of Venus, the goddess of love; it is she that *seals love's bonds.*

l. 7. **obliged.** Notice in how many syllables this word is pronounced here. It means *bound by contract.*

l. 13. **chased.** Notice the number of syllables.

l. 14. **younker.** Youngster.

l. 15. **scarfed.** Decorated with flags.

l. 30. What grammatical construction in this line unusual to-day?

l. 37. **themselves commit.** *Themselves* is not now used alone in the nominative except by poetic license. What other pronoun usually stands with it in this case?

l. 42. What pun in this line?

l. 43. **office of discovery.** "Holding a torch is the office by which a path is discovered." (E. H. Lewis.)

l. 44. **should**; *i.e.* ought to be.

l. 47. **close.** Secret.

l. 50. **mo.** Has this occurred before?

l. 51. **hood**; *i.e.* of the masking costume.

l. 52. **Beshrew me.** Curse me. Here, however, the phrase has come to be, like *marry*, simply an expletive.

l. 57. **in my constant soul.** What does Lorenzo mean? Is he right in his estimation of Jessica? Which attribute that he assigns to her might we question? Note that *placed* is dissyllabic.

l. 66. **twenty.** Had the feast broken up? If so, why was not Shylock home by this time? Was he really as suspicious of Jessica as he seemed?

ll. 1–68. Did Antonio know of the plans for Jessica's elopement? What device has Shakespeare used in this scene to dispose of a considerable amount of time? Any extravagances of speech in the scene? What is the principal fact, or subject, as we may call it, of this scene?

Write an outline, stating briefly, and in order, the subjects of the first six scenes of Act II.

Scene VII

l. 1. **discover.** Show.

l. 5. **who.** In Shakespeare's time *which* was not yet required in referring to inanimate things. In the next line, however, we read *which*.

l. 8. **as blunt.** As what?

l. 12. **withal.** With it. Often used in this sense, although sometimes simply in the sense of "with."

l. 22. **virgin hue.** Why is the silver described as possessing a "virgin hue"?

l. 25. **even.** Impartial, or steady.

l. 26. **rated.** Is this word used here with the same meaning as it is in I., iii.?

l. 26. **estimation.** This word could mean either *worth* or *reputation*. Which meaning is the better here?

l. 27. **enough.** Pretty well.

l. 35. To line 35, is the feeling that Morocco expresses conceit, or only honest self-respect?

l. 40. **shrine.** Here used in the sense of *the image of a saint*.

l. 40. **mortal-breathing.** Describing Portia as a saint still breathing the air of earth, not that of heaven, as do the saints that the Church has canonized.

l. 41. **Hyrcanian deserts.** Deserts around the Caspian Sea.

l. 43. What ellipsis in this line?

l. 44. **ambitious.** In what condition is the sea represented as being when it deserves this epithet?

l. 46. **spirits.** People.

l. 49. **damnation.** To whom?

l. 51. **rib.** Enclose.

l. 51. cerecloth. Waxed linen, serving as a shroud for the dead. Note that *cere* is one syllable, even in *cerement*, a synonym for *cerecloth*.

l. 51. óbscure. Note the accent, and contrast it with that of *aspéct* in I.

l. 53. ten times. The ratio of gold to silver at this time in England was ten to one.

l. 57. Note that upon is strongly contrasted with within, in line 59.

l. 60. Is there (up to line 60) any conceit expressed in Morocco's arguing? Any proof of his love for Portia? Any compliment paid to her? Which of his comparisons are beautiful? Which extravagant?

l. 63. Death. Death's-head, skull. Did Portia know what was in this casket? Did Nerissa? Read over I., ii., carefully, to see.

l. 68. my outside. Does *my* refer to the casket, or to the skull?

l. 72. Your. Johnson thinks the word intended here was *this*.

ll. 1–79. Is insincerity of character betrayed by Morocco anywhere in this scene? What was the mistake he made, or, in other words, in what one way did he not "rightly love"? Of what does he think the more, the meaning of the metals, or of that of the inscriptions? What do you think of Portia's bearing toward him? What of her real feelings? Keep in mind especially the character of Morocco, in order that after

the close of III., ii., you may be able to write a theme about the three suitors and their comparative merits as revealed in the choice of the caskets, and a theme, also, about the wisdom shown by Portia's father in his will. What is the one most important step taken in this scene toward the development of the plot? What are the metrical peculiarities of the lyric written on the scroll?

SCENE VIII

l. 10. certified the Duke. Made the Duke certain. *Certify* is not now used in this way of persons.

l. 14. What epithet used here of Shylock has been used before of him, and where?

ll. 25, 26. Why should Salanio make this remark?

l. 27. reason'd. Talked.

l. 30. fraught. The old past participle of *freighted*.

l. 39. Slubber. Do carelessly.

l. 40. Does stay here mean *check* or *await*?

l. 42. love. Love for whom is meant here?

l. 44. To. What different preposition would we use here?

l. 44. ostents. The same meaning as in II., ii., 193.

l. 45. conveniently. Properly.

l. 48. sensible. Sensitive, or rather, keenly alive, truly felt.

l. 50. only. If *only* were in the place in this line that the order of modern prose would demand, how would the metre be affected?

ll. 1–53. What new light do we get from this scene on the cause or nature of Antonio's melancholy? Did Salarino mean what he said in I., i., 47, 48? What do you judge of Shylock's importance at Venice? What of his reputation as a creditor? How soon did he probably learn of his daughter's flight? How much time has elapsed between this scene and the last two? What is the most important point of this scene?

Scene IX

l. 1. **straight.** What longer form of this word would we use here to-day?

l. 3. **his election.** What different meaning would these words have to-day?

l. 3. **presently.** Remember the Shakespearian meaning of this word.

ll. 4–8. Does Portia address Arragon differently from the way in which she addressed Morocco before his choice?

l. 13 **marriage.** How many syllables here?

l. 16 Is there any difference in the manner in which the two princes proceed to the "election"?

l. 19. **address'd.** Prepared.

l. 22. **You.** What does he mean?

l. 27. **fond.** Foolish.

l. 29. **in the weather.** Exposed to the storm.

l. 32. **jump with.** Agree with, associate with.

l. 32. **spirits.** Where used before in II., vii., with the same meaning as here?

l. 33. **barbarous multitudes.** Do these words of Arragon express conceit, or only independence?

l. 38. **cozen.** Cheat. What does Arragon think that a man ought to possess if he would honestly win any good fortune or honor?

l. 41. **estates, degrees.** Rank.

l. 42. **clear.** Bright or pure. Latin *clarus*, bright.

l. 44. **cover.** Put on the hat.

l. 46. **glean'd.** Picked out.

l. 52. What ellipsis of several words in this line? Does Arragon think more of the meaning of the metals, or of that of the inscriptions? Of whom is he thinking all the time that he is talking? Why does he wish to win Portia? What is the line of his argument? Does either Arragon or Morocco need Portia's money? Wherein did Arragon make his mistake — in his estimate of Portia or of himself? Compare him with Morocco in this respect.

l. 53. Of what importance is it to us to know that these words were spoken *aside*?

l. 61. **offend and judge.** Portia probably intends to imply that, by the terms of her father's will, she has unintentionally been the means of offending Arragon, and that he must not ask her to be a judge of his deserts; his fate was the result of no judgment of hers.

l. 61. **distinct.** Note the accent.

l. 63. **tried.** A dissyllable here.

l. 68. **I wis.** Surely.

l. 70. **what wife you will.** Has Shakespeare forgotten the oath that Arragon took, or does Portia's father intend by this to release the prince from his oath?

l. 71. **head.** "The head of the woman is the man." (1 Cor. xi. 3.)

l. 78. **bear my wroth.** Which bore his disappointment the better, Morocco or Arragon? Does this indicate anything of the degree of their love for Portia?

l. 80. **deliberate.** Was it not well to have been *deliberate?* Why did Arragon's deliberations not help him any?

l. 81. **wit.** Judgment.

l. 84. **draw.** Where before in this scene has *draw* been differently used?

l. 85. **my lord.** In what mood does Portia seem to be?

l. 89. **sensible.** Substantial; that can be felt or touched.

l. 89. **regreets.** Greetings.

l. 90. **commends.** Compliments.

l. 91. **Yet.** As yet.

l. 92. **likely.** Good-looking.

l. 98. **high-day.** Holiday, high flown.

l. 98. **wit.** Imagination or skill.

l. 101. To whom is this line addressed? What other scene ended in a manner very similar to this?

ll. 1–101. What is the most important point of the story that

has been learned from this scene? Compare the sadness in which we first found Antonio with that which at first seemed to oppress Portia, and compare the directions that the two feelings are taking. Discuss the metre of the second lyric.

Review of Acts I., II. Review the play from the beginning by giving in order from memory the main point of each scene, and then again by giving the main purpose of each of the two acts that have been thus far read. Which of the scenes in the first two acts would be most effective on the modern stage? Which would have been most so on the Shakespearian stage? About what character have you learned the most in Act II.? What person in the drama is fast approaching success?

ACT III. SCENE I

l. 2. **unchecked.** Uncontradicted.

l. 4. **narrow seas.** Where? See II., viii. What advantage is gained by Shakespeare in causing the ships to be wrecked at such a distant place?

l. 10. **knapped ginger.** Gnawed ginger-root.

l. 21. **cross.** See II., v., 56.

l. 21. **my prayer.** How was this the prayer of Salanio?

l. 28. **tailor.** Who is meant by this?

l. 30. **complexion.** Nature.

l. 33. **devil.** Where at least three times before in this play has Shylock been referred to as the *devil*?

l. 35. **flesh and blood.** How in the next line does Salanio turn the sense in which these words were intended?

l. 42. **rhenish.** Rhine wines are "white" wines, that is colorless, or pale amber. Does Salarino have more than one purpose in asking the question that follows?

l. 44. **match.** Bargain.

l. 45. **prodigal.** Why does Shylock use this word of Antonio? Has he applied it to him before this? If so, where?

ll. 44–50. What indication in this speech of the lapse of time?

l. 52. **good for.** Where in Act I. had Shylock himself asked virtually this same question?

l. 54. **disgraced.** "Lowered in estimation." (Furness.)

l. 69. **humility.** This may be used in its usual sense, as the Christians boasted of their humility. It may, however, mean "kindness," or "humanity."

l. 72. **go hard.** Why? because such revenge is contrary to the tendency of Shylock's nature, or because of the difficulty of any one's surpassing such cruelty as the Gentiles show?

ll. 53–73. "To those who, like the present editors, can remember Edmund Kean's delivery of this superb speech of wild wrath pleading its claim to some show of justice, there is excitement in recalling the wonderful eyes flashing out their red sparkles, the body writhing from head to foot, the arm thrown upward as witness to the recorded oath of vengeance. The attitude, as the voice, rose to a sublime climax when these words were uttered; then there was a drop, both of person and tone, as he hissed out the closing sentence of deep concentrated malignity." (Cowden-Clarke.)

l. 85. **curse.** It may be only that Shylock refers to the general curse of suffering and exile that has pursued the Jews through so many countries, and for so many centuries. Mr. H. L. Withers (The Arden Shakespeare) suggests that the following, one of the many curses threatened against the Jews if they did not keep the law, is here especially in Shylock's mind. "Thy daughters shall be given unto another people, and thine eyes shall look and fail with longing for them all the day long. All thy labours shall a nation which thou knowest not eat up; and thou shalt be only oppressed and crushed alway." Deut. xxviii. 32, 33.

l. 89. **hearsed.** Enclosed; *i.e.* in a coffin.

l. 101. **I thank God.** Booth, as Shylock, here clapped his hands high in the air.

l. 107. **Your daughter,** etc. Booth: "Nod several times affirmatively before replying, and speak the line slowly, with the least shade of wickedness in your look. Shylock's expression gradually changes from joy to agony while this line is spoken, therefore speak it slowly."

l. 110. **sitting.** What does this indicate of the manner in which the money was spent?

l. 112. **creditors.** How does the fact of Antonio's being in debt and other facts learned from this scene agree with Antonio's own assertions in I., i.?

l. 125. **bespeak.** Engage.

l. 128. **synagogue.** What irony does Shakespeare show in making Shylock choose this as their meeting-place?

ll. 1–129. Judging from this scene, what do you think is the age of Shylock? Has he travelled during his lifetime? What is the bitterest thing that Shylock says in this scene? Does he show any love for his daughter? Any tenderness toward any one else? Trace the report of Antonio's losses from the first hint anywhere in the play of the disaster, up to the time when the report becomes confirmed. Why does Tubal tell his story in the way that he does? Why is this an especially unfortunate time for the report to reach the ears of Shylock? What purpose do we now feel that Shylock has against Antonio? In the beginning of this scene what makes us feel that only a short time has elapsed since the end of Act II.? Later in the scene what lines show definitely just how much time has elapsed since the end of Act I.? What is the one most important point of the story learned from this scene?

Scene II

l. 2. **choosing wrong.** That is, *your* choosing wrong. How is the construction unrhetorical?

l. 4. **it is not love.** Is this quite true?

l. 6. **quality.** Manner.

l. 7. **understand me.** What difference would it make whether or not Bassanio *understood* Portia, so long as the winning of her hand depended solely on the choice of the right casket?

l. 9. **month.** When she first spoke, how long did she wish he might tarry?

l. 11. **am then forsworn.** Present tense for the future.

l. 14. **Beshrew.** See II., vi., 52. Remember that the word is used here in a very gentle — nay, even tender — way.

l. 15. **o'erlook'd.** Bewitched, cast a spell upon.

l. 20. **Prove it so.** If it prove so. Explain fully what she means by this.

l. 21 **fortune go to hell.** What crime would fortune have committed?

l. 22. **peize.** (Pronounced *pīz.*) Retard. How long, probably, had Bassanio been at Belmont?

l. 27. **treason.** Referring to the practice of torturing a confession out of traitors on the rack. Is Portia in earnest, or in sport?

l. 28. What disturbs Bassanio's peace of mind in the same way that treason disturbs the peace of a state?

l. 30. **life.** Living together, harmony.

l. 36. **sum of my confession.** All I have to confess.

l. 44. **swan-like end.** Alluding to the old belief that the swan never sang until just at death, when it breathed out its life in one beautiful strain of music.

l. 47. **watery death-bed.** Is not this a *conceit*, that is, a far-fetched, fanciful comparison? What other lover in the play is made to speak in this same extravagant manner, and where?

l. 52. **bridegroom's ear.** "An allusion to the custom of playing music under the windows of the bridegroom's bedroom on the morning of his marriage." (Halliwell.)

l. 54. **presence.** Dignity.

ll. 55-60. **Alcides.** Neptune, enraged with Laomedon, king of Troy, sent a sea-monster to ravage the king's country. To propitiate Neptune, Laomedon was obliged to offer him his daughter, Hesione. When the maiden had been chained to a rock on the coast, Hercules (Alcides), bribed by the promise of some famous horses owned by the king, rescued his daughter from the beast.

l. 56 **howling.** Crying in anguish.

l. 59. **bleared.** Tear-stained.

l. 63. **fancy.** Taking a fancy to, falling lightly in love. According to the song, "How old does such love live to be?" Is there any hint in this song of the right casket? Did Bassanio take the hint? Would Arragon or Morocco have understood it? Who might have caused it to be sung? What two people knew which was the right casket?

l. 73. **least themselves.** Not at all like the reality within

l. 74. **still.** What does this word usually mean in Shakespeare?

l. 77. **Obscures.** Ellipsis of the subject.

l. 85. **Hercules . . . Mars.** These two, one a hero, or demigod, and one a god, possessed what two qualities that were opposed to weakness and cowardice?

l. 86. **white.** Where in the play has the color symbolic of courage been mentioned?

l. 87 **excrement.** Excrescence; that is, beards.

l. 94. **supposed fairness.** The heads of maidens made to appear beautiful only by the aid of powder, paint, etc.

l. 97. **guiled.** Deceitful. Explain the comparison in this line and the next.

l. 99. **Indian beauty.** Does this indicate here a beautiful or a repulsive appearance?

l. 102. **Midas.** The king who asked as a favor from the gods that everything he touched might turn to gold. When his food turned into gold, and his own little daughter, he repented, and the troublesome gift was mercifully taken back.

l. 103. **pale.** Why is this epithet especially good here?

l. 103. Explain **drudge.**

ll. 73–107. Is there any line in this speech of Bassanio's that shows he despises money and is seeking Portia for love, not for her fortune? Read over the argument of Arragon, and see how he, as well as Bassanio, despised "outward shows." What is the difference between the attitude of the two on this point? Did Bassanio use in his choice more or less reasoning than the other two suitors? Did he think at all of his own merits? Did he choose rashly? Would he have chosen the leaden casket, if he had been thinking chiefly of Portia's wealth?

l. 109. **As.** Such as.

l. 115. **demi-god.** To whom does he refer?

l. 118. What word should be emphasized in this line?

l. 120. **sweet friends.** Who are they?

l. 126. **unfurnish'd.** With what?

l. 126. **how far.** As far as.

l. 129. **substance.** What does he mean?

l. 130. **continent.** That which contains. Note the extravagance of the language; enumerate the various conceits between the lines 109 and 131.

ll. 139, 140. At what point in these two lines does Portia "ratify the note"?

ll. 156, 158. **account.** In what two somewhat different senses is the word used in these two lines?

l. 159. **in gross.** In full. Where in I., iii., was *gross* used in a similar sense?

l. 170. **even now.** Just now.

l. 174. **presage.** Where near the end of I., i., did this word occur?

l. 175. **vantage.** Opportunity.

l. 177. **blood.** How would the truth of this remark be apparent to the eyes of Portia?

l. 179. In this line what grammatical peculiarity that has before occurred?

l. 192. **from me.** Away from me.

l. 200. **for intermission.** For a pastime.

l. 201. **pertains.** Is due. No more what?

l. 203. **falls.** Happens. Used again, as in I., ii., 86, in the sense of what longer form of the same word to-day?

l. 209. Trace from the beginning of the play to find anything that, now that the love of Nerissa and Gratiano has become an

open secret, might possibly be interpreted as a hint of the feeling between the two.

l. 214. Lorenzo. Had the run-away couple come directly from Venice to Belmont?

l. 215. Salerio. Some editions do not introduce a new character here, but make this to read *Salanio.*

l. 219. very friends. Friends in the truest sense of the word.

l. 228. commends. Whom did Antonio commend to Bassanio? Why?

l. 232. estate. Condition.

l. 233. cheer. Why does Portia apparently pay so little attention to Jessica?

l. 235. royal. Noble, generous, dignified. Johnson says: "This epithet was, in our poet's time, more striking and better understood, because Gresham [a famous London merchant] was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant.*"

l. 239. shrewd. "Keen, in the sense of piercing, painful." (E. H. Lewis.)

l. 242. constitution. State of mind.

l. 243. constant. Well-balanced.

l. 244. half. If you have read *Julius Cæsar*, do you recall a similar expression used by the Portia of that play to her husband Brutus?

l. 258. mere enemy. Unqualified, absolute enemy.

l. 274. **impeach the freedom of the state.** From what is said later in Act IV., it seems as if Shakespeare forgot that Venice was a free city, and thought of her as an English city possessing a charter from the state of which she was a part. This charter, which granted certain rights and a considerable amount of independence, could be taken away from a city if she did not fulfil the conditions under which the charter had been granted — if, for instance, she did not show justice to foreign merchants.

l. 276. **magnificoes.** Nobles.

ll. 280–286. In these words of Jessica's, is any light thrown upon the question as to when and how the plot against Antonio grew in the mind of Shylock?

l. 289. **best-condition'd and unwearied.** Where in II., i., did we have a similar example of this condensed manner of expressing the superlative of two adjectives connected by *and*? What word must be supplied here to-day to make the meaning fully clear? Where in I., ii., was *condition* used with the same meaning as here? Where, a few lines above, did we have a proof of these qualities in Antonio's character?

l. 291. **ancient Roman honour.** Recall from *Julius Cæsar* the words of the Roman Brutus: —

> "Set honour i' the one eye and death i' the other,
> And I will look on death indifferently."

l. 308. **cheer.** Countenance.

l. 315. **you and I.** Not right according to grammatical

canons, but regarded as idiomatically correct in Elizabethan English.

ll. 1–323. Does Portia in this scene show herself more of a girl or of a woman? Has Bassanio been thoughtless and forgetful of Antonio and his bond? If so, is the forgetfulness to be laid to him as a fault? What is the most important thing that has happened in this scene? What two great passions clash? and at just what point? Consider the metre of the two lyrics. Find all the instances of rhymed lines in this scene, in each instance suggest a reason for the use of rhyme.

SCENE III

l. 1. **Gaoler.** Why has Antonio been allowed to walk forth with his gaoler (pronounced *jailer*)?

l. 3. **yet.** At least.

l. 6. **dog.** Where at least twice before in the play have we heard this epithet given to Shylock?

l. 9. **naughty.** Worthless, good for naught. *Naughty* had in Shakespeare's time a stronger meaning than it has to-day.

l. 9. **fond.** See II., ix., 27.

l. 18 **impenetrable.** Not to be moved, relentless.

19. **kept.** Lived.

22. **deliver'd.** Released.

l. 27. **commodity.** Convenience (of trade, etc.). How differently used in I., i., 178?

l. 28. **it.** Does this refer to *commodity*, or to *course of law*?

l. 31. **Consisteth of all nations**; *i.e.* "stands, is held together, by the fact that all nations trade here." (E. H. Lewis.)

l. 32. **bated.** Weakened. How?

ll. 1–36. Why should Antonio wish Bassanio to come and see him pay his debt? If Shylock had let Antonio speak, what would the latter have said to him? Is any light shed from this scene upon the cause of Antonio's sadness? What is the chief purpose of the scene?

Scene IV

l. 2. **conceit.** Conception. Similar to the sense in which it occurs where in I., i., in one of Gratiano's speeches?

l. 3. **amity.** Friendship.

l. 6. What preposition is understood in this line?

l. 7. **lover.** Used often in Shakespeare in the sense of *friend*.

l. 9. **customary bounty.** Such deeds of kindness as she is in the habit of doing. How does Lorenzo think that this act differs from Portia's usual acts of charity.

l. 10. **for.** What preposition would be used here to-day?

l. 11. What grammatical peculiarity in this line? Find another instance of the same in this play.

l. 12. **waste.** Spend.

l. 14. **proportion.** Style.

l. 15. **manners.** See the note on II., iii., 18.

l. 15. **spirit.** Disposition. Find a different meaning in which

this word has already been used in the play. You will find still other meanings later on.

l. 20. semblance of my soul. *Semblance* refers to Antonio; *my soul* refers to Bassanio.

l. 22. p- ising f myself. Is Portia just to herself?

l. 33. imposition. Where in I., ii., did Nerissa use the word in th same sense as it is used here?

l. 36. fair. Does Lorenzo mean *just*?

l. 52. imagined. Imaginable. The past participle in *-ed* is often used in Shakespeare for the adjective in *-able*.

l. 53. tranect. Common ferry.

l. 56. convenient. Was *conveniently* used with a similar meaning in II., viii., 45?

l. 69. quaint. Skilful. Where was *quaintly* used with a similar meaning in II., iv.?

l. 72. I could not do withal. "I could not help it." (Halliwell.)

l. 83. twenty miles. Did Portia, then, tell a falsehood in lines 31, 32, above?

ll. 1–83. Does Portia in this scene seem "unpractised"? Is she here more of a girl or more of a woman? Do you think that Portia's plans for going to Venice originated with herself or with Bellario? Would a girl in her position often have had occasion to consult a lawyer before? Compare the manner in which Portia and Jessica regard their disguise as boys. What

is the principal reason why Lorenzo and Jessica are left in full command at Belmont? What is the principal point of the story learned from this scene?

Scene V

l. 3. **fear you.** Fear for you.

l. 5. **agitation.** Launcelot uses this word for *cogitation.*

l. 7. **bastard.** False.

l. 11. **got.** Begot.

ll. 16, 17. **Scylla . . Charybdis.** Two rocks between Italy and Sicily. In the hollow of the one nearest to Italy was said to dwell a fearful monster resembling a woman, with dogs barking around her waist. On the other side was another monster, that, according to Homer, three times a day swallowed down the water of the ocean, and again three times threw it up in mighty spouts.

l. 37. **discourse grow commendable.** This is just the opposite in meaning, but similar in sound, to the saying of another man who tired Lorenzo out with his talk. Who was the man, and what was the saying? (See I., i.)

l. 43. **cover.** Used in the sense of spreading the cloth on a table for dinner.

l. 45. **Will you cover** means, *Will you put on your hat?*

l. 47. **quarrelling with occasion.** At odds with the matter in question — not talking to the point. In the opinion of Lorenzo, what was the "occasion"?

l. 54. **humours.** Whims.

l. 54. **conceits.** With what meaning has the word already occurred twice before in the play?

l. 56. **suited.** Dressed up; or, perhaps, suited to the meaning. Lorenzo may be laughing because Launcelot's words are so fine sounding, or because suddenly (ll. 52–55) Launcelot suits his words to his thought with such unusual, painstaking precision.

l. 61. **Defy.** Sacrifice; *i.e.* as if the fine-sounding word and the plain meaning struggled for mastery and the word won.

l. 68. **it**; *i.e.* to live uprightly.

l. 78. **stomach.** Appetite — but for other things as well as for food. What are the two meanings intended here? What other words in the last two lines of this scene are used in a double sense?

l. 1–81. In this scene what new light is thrown upon the character of Portia? Of Jessica? Has Launcelot more or less respect for Jessica than he had before she ran away? Does he treat her any differently? Does he like her as well as he did? What is the principal purpose that has been accomplished by this scene?

Reviews of Acts I., II., III. Review from memory the subjects of the scenes of the last three acts in order. Are there any scenes, or parts of scenes, that could be wholly omitted from a stage edition of the play? Which character has developed most in Act III.? What is the subject of this act as a whole? Where has an especially passionate prose passage occurred? Is there any reason why that passage was not

written in verse? What passage in this act seems to be the most poetic in expression? Is its poetry due chiefly to the use of words suggestive of beautiful scenes or objects, to beautiful comparisons, to the pleasing sound of the words, or to the rhythm of the lines?

Act IV. Scene I

court of justice. On the modern stage the scene in the court of justice would be in every detail royal and magnificent. The marble walls of the court-room would be partly covered with rich hangings, and the robes of the magistrates would furnish color and luxuriance for this impressive gathering. The Duke's costume may be conceived as made of heavy purple silk, with a cape and trimmings of ermine. On tables at one side of the Duke may be seen massive tomes, or law-books, containing the statutes of the city of Venice.

Portia is usually represented as disguised either in long, flowing robes of black silk, or in heavy garments of rich, red cloth. In either case she wears the lawyer's cap.

l. 1. **What.** Well. No surprise is expressed.

l. 6. **From.** What other preposition would be used to-day?

l. 7. **qualify.** Modify. Where in the play have we already learned that the Duke had been trying to pacify Shylock?

l. 8. What word in this line has the accent nearer the end than to-day?

l. 10. **envy.** Hatred. Often used with this meaning in Shakespeare.

l. 12. **suffer.** What is the object of this verb?

l. 13. **tyranny.** Cruelty.

ll. 18, 19. **lead'st this fashion, etc.** Pushest this appearance of malice to the very moment of execution.

l. 20. **remorse.** In the ordinary sense, or, perhaps, in the sense of *pity*.

l. 20. **more strange, etc.** Why so?

l. 26. **moiety.** Part.

l. 29. **enow.** With the same meaning as in III., v., 19.

l. 33. **offices.** Acts.

l. 34. **gentle answer.** If Shylock should do what the Duke suggests, would he still get his revenge? When he lent the money, what, possibly, was all that he intended to do?

l. 35. **possess'd.** See I., iii., 62 — note.

l. 39. **charter.** See III., ii., 274 — note.

l. 43. **humour.** See III., v., 54.

l. 46. **baned.** Killed.

l. 47. **gaping pig.** A roasted pig served at table with a lemon in its mouth.

l. 54. **certain.** Fixed.

l. 56. **losing.** Who is losing? Shylock?

l. 58. **current.** Why a good word here to express the nature of Shylock's proceedings? What comparison is implied in the word?

l. 61. Does this line answer Bassanio's question? What does it mean? How should you answer Shylock?

l. 62. **offence.** Resentment. To-day the word is used oftener in the active sense; here it is passive.

l. 64. **think.** Remember. What word should be emphasized in reading this line aloud?

l. 66. **bate.** See III., iii., 32.

ll. 69, 70. What peculiar grammatical construction in these lines?

l. 71. **fretten.** The old English form still retained. The folios have *fretted.*

l. 76. **conveniency.** Get the meaning from the use of *conveniently* in II., viii., 45.

l. 86. **parts.** Duties. Is Shylock's argument from lines 83–94 valid?

l. 120. **envy.** See line 10, above.

l. 121. **wit.** Where used before in the very beginning of the play with the same meaning that it has here?

l. 122. **inexecrable.** Inexorable.

l. 125. **justice be accused.** For what crime does Gratiano think Justice herself ought to be punished?

l. 125. **Pythagoras.** The Greek philosopher Pythagoras taught the doctrine known as "the transmigration of souls." According to his teachings the soul of a man was supposed to pass after death into the body of some animal. Then it passed from animal to animal, and finally back again into man.

l. 128. **hang'd.** Professor Thurber calls attention in his edition of the play to a curious account of "Legal Persecutions of the Lower Animals," Chambers's *Book of Days*, Vol. I., p. 126. It seems from this article that animals were once tried in court for offences, excommunicated, imprisoned, and sometimes hanged. The argument for so doing seems rather plausible from one point of view. Because God had cursed the serpent, and the Saviour had cursed the unproductive fig-tree, therefore it was possible and consistent to curse and excommunicate the lower animals. Since, however, the lower animals had been created before man, it was argued that they were important and worthy in the eyes of the Creator, and deserved a fair trial in the court, with lawyers to defend their rights. Some editors think that this reference to the *wolf* may have had a connection with the execution of Dr. Lopez (see Sources of the Play). The name of the doctor is similar to the Latin *lupus*, a wolf.

Very likely, however, Gratiano merely alludes to a popular fable.

l. 134. **offend'st.** Dost injure.

l. 146. **visitation.** Now used only of apparently supernatural visits, or of punishments.

l. 155. Two negatives in this line. What are they? How would it be necessary to change it in order to express the right meaning to-day?

l. 164. **difference.** A polite term for a lawsuit.

l. 172. **impugn.** Oppose.

l. 173. **within his danger.** What different meaning does this have here from what it would have to-day?

l. 177. **quality.** Nature.

l. 177. **strain'd.** Forced.

l. 188. **attribute.** In what different meaning is this used from what it was in line 184, above?

l. 190. **seasons.** Tempers. With what meaning was this used in III., ii., 76? In Act V. it will occur again.

l. 197. **Which if thou follow.** Where in I., iii., have we had a similar sudden change of construction?

l. 199. **My deeds upon my head.** What passage in the New Testament does this remind you of? See Matt. xxvii. 25.

l. 207. **truth.** Honesty.

l. 211. **It must not be.** Booth: "Shylock's face expresses joy and astonishment."

l. 214. **error.** In its strict Latin meaning of *wandering.*

l. 215. Booth: "Portia utters, '**It cannot be,**' . . . with great decision. [The next lines, 216, 217] Shylock utters almost wildly (not too loud), and kisses the hem of Portia's gown."

l. 216. **Daniel.** A Hebrew prince, whom Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, carried into captivity with many other Israelites. Daniel came into great favor at the court of Babylon because of the power that he was said to possess of interpreting dreams and solving riddles. Portia had shown this same power of divination, Shylock thought, in interpreting the law as she does.

l. 222. **perjury on my soul.** Is Shylock's horror of committing perjury sincere?

l. 235. **on.** On the strength of.

l. 240. **intent.** Intention.

l. 240. **purpose.** Meaning.

l. 241. **Hath full relation to,** etc. Has reference to, or allows the validity of the penalty.

l. 244. **more elder.** Double comparatives are common in Shakespeare.

l. 247. "**Nearest his heart.**" Were they "the very words" of the original bond as we heard it stated? Booth says: "Shylock takes the bond eagerly from Portia, and, when returning it to her after 'those are the very words,' looks at Antonio."

l. 248. **balance.** This word is used here either as a plural, or else, for the sake of euphony, the final "s" is not sounded, or even written.

l. 261. **use.** Custom.

l. 268. **speak me fair in death.** Speak well of me when I am dead. In lines 257–274 note the passages that exhibit the courtesy of Antonio, those that show his kindness of heart, his courage, and his princely dignity. In line 274 a pun for once is both dignified and pathetic.

l. 289. **Barrabas.** A leader of rebellion and a murderer, who, at the request of the Jews, was pardoned instead of Jesus. See Luke xxiii. 18–21. What feelings as a father does Shylock show here?

l. 294. **Most rightful judge.** Booth: "With back to audience, and knife raised high above his head."

l. 297. Booth: "**Most learned judge**" is uttered with an exultant voice.

l. 305. Booth: "Shylock staggers backward and drops the knife."

l. 327. In this line what peculiar expression that we had before in the play? Where? Why especially appropriate to have it spoken here to Shylock?

l. 347. **privy.** Secret.

l. 365. **drive unto.** Reduce to.

l. 372. **halter.** What other person in the play had previously suggested a halter as a suitable present for Shylock?

l. 374. **for.** Of; *i.e.* consisting of.

l. 376. **in use.** In trust.

l. 387. **I am content.** Booth: "Shylock, thus addressed, raises both head and hands as if about to appeal to Portia, checks himself, and says very slowly, as head and hands drop, 'I am content.' His last words are uttered plaintively. As Shylock is leaving, Gratiano seizes his left arm, and at the conclusion of the taunting speech with which he addresses him, casts Shylock's hand from him. Shylock bows low to the Duke, and slowly totters toward the door, — he meets Antonio, and shrinks with abhorrence; raises his hand (as on previous occasions), which slowly descends upon the back of his head as it drops upon his breast, — falls against the door, which slowly opens."

ll. 340–393. What was the sentence against Shylock as Portia first gave it? How did it read as Portia and Antonio finally allowed it to stand? How much money had Shylock lost altogether? Did he have the chance still left him to become again as rich as ever? Would he be tempted to become extravagant and reckless because of the end to which his fortune was finally to be put? Why did Antonio demand that the Jew should become a Christian? What do you think Shylock did with himself after this affair was over?

l. 399. **gratify.** Reward.

l. 404. **Three thousand ducats.** Was this a generous offer? Was the money Bassanio's to give?

l. 405. **cope.** Set against.

l. 423. **trifle.** Why did not Bassanio tell the truth at once?

l. 424. **to give.** The gerund. See I., i., 40 — note.

ll. 1–450. Would Portia have been better pleased with Bassanio if he had given her the ring more willingly? Professor Moulton thinks that Antonio and Bassanio both were punished in this scene. If so, how? and what for? Is Antonio's character changed at the end of the scene? Has Portia acted the character she imagined for herself in III., iv.? Has she shown herself more than "an unlessoned girl," or has it been the emergency that has brought her forth? Do you learn anything from this scene concerning the character of Bassanio and of his love for Portia? Has Gratiano proved himself anything more than a man that likes to hear himself talk? Whom does he copy in all things?

Professor Moulton shows how the trial scene is an instance of "the Nemesis of Measure for Measure." (1) Shylock appeals to the *law of Venice* and the *charter*. With what response corresponding to this is he finally answered? (2) He explains his actions as mere humor. With what answer is this well met? (3) He demands the bond rather than any amount of money. What at last is the corresponding verdict? (4) He feels perfectly secure, "doing no wrong, and dreading no judgment." What is the exactly opposite condition in which finally he finds himself? (5) He exults in the downfall of his victim, and cries "A Daniel come to judgment!" What is the cry that greets him as the sentence falls heavily upon his own shoulders?

Debate this question: Was Portia justified by law in her decision against Shylock? (Remember that the accusation has been made that Shylock was defeated by a quibble such as no court would entertain.) Take up the points one by one, for the case is complex. Consider this also: Why did Portia so long delay the sentence, and keep Antonio and Bassanio in such agonizing suspense?

Dr. Furness notes one point in this scene where the play wavers for a moment between comedy and tragedy. Consider what is meant by comedy, and what by tragedy; then where this point is; then how the play would have ended as a tragedy; and finally how differently you would have regarded Shylock if such had been the end.

In this scene which passage do you consider contains the most pathos? which the most humor? which the most spite? which the most beauty?

Scene II

l. 6. **advice.** Reflection.

l. 15. **old.** Copious.

ll. 1–19. Would anything be lost to the dramatic effect of the play, or to our conception of any of the characters, if this scene were entirely omitted?

Review. Review scene by scene the story of the last two acts.

Act V. Scene I

Belmont. If it could be represented on the stage, we might (following Hunter) imagine a large, far-reaching estate, comprising grassy lawns, smooth terraces, and shady groves, surrounding the palace of Portia. We are reminded all through the scene of summer zephyrs in the tree-tops, of trickling water flowing from marble fountains, and of soft moonbeams that stray in here and there through the foliage and shrubbery to rest on some graceful statue, or the dainty arch of a Venetian summer-house. Music may occasionally be heard from within, and the horn of a post echoes faintly and far off among the quiet hills.

l. 4. **Troilus.** Troilus, one of the sons of Priam, was deeply in love with Cressid (Cressida). She was taken by the Greeks, however, in an exchange of prisoners, and, in spite of her vow to remain faithful to Troilus, she shortly forgot him altogether for his deadly foe, the Grecian Diomedes. Troilus was finally slain by Achilles. In what other one of Shakespeare's plays do these two personages appear?

l. 7. **Thisbe.** Thisbe, in love with Pyramus, comes to the trysting-place by moonlight and is scared away by seeing a lion. The beast picks up her veil in his bloody mouth, but drops it just as Pyramus arrives upon the scene. The latter, seeing the blood-stained veil, thinks that Thisbe has been slain by the lion. In despair, then, the poor fellow stabs himself. Thisbe, recovering from her scare, returns to find her lover lying dead, and she too ends her life. In Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* there is a burlesque of this adventure of Pyramus and Thisbe.

l. 10. **Dido.** Dido, queen of Carthage, who loved the wandering Trojan prince Æneas.

l. 13. **Medea.** By her magic arts, Medea brought back to life Æson, the father of Jason. Where twice before in the play has the story of Jason been referred to?

ll. 1–24. All the tragedy and fierce passions of the trial scene have vanished now, and, preparatory to the joyous reunion of the lovers in Belmont and the restoration of prosperity to Antonio, Shakespeare has given us this bewitching scene in the garden. It is like a soft prelude of beautiful music proclaiming the blissful and tender loves of those whose married life is now to begin in earnest. Show how full these verses are of old romance, of passionate love, of sad strains of melancholy, of soft, tender touches of humor, and of the magic and witchery of nature. See the pictures old and new that arise before you. Note the poetic suggestiveness of the words that are used. Lastly observe the music in the lines of the poetry — how they sing themselves. Responsive stanzas like these are called *amœbean*.

See how the exact correspondence of stanza to stanza (known as *stichomythia*) has the effect of rhyme. Notice where the refrain occurs. It all brings back to our minds once more the courtly Antonio, admired and loved by all his friends, the happy, care-free Bassanio, and the beautiful, mirth-loving, queenly Portia. These are the three that are to remain in our thoughts as the play closes. Love has conquered hate and mercy seasoned justice; let Love sing her joy and proclaim her triumph.

l. 39. **Sola, sola!** A cry to attract notice.

l. 57. **Become.** Are becoming to, or suited to.

l. 57. **touches.** He is probably thinking of the *notes* produced by the touches of the hands on the instruments.

l. 59. **patines.** (Pronounced *pă-tĭns.*) These were small gold plates used in the communion service in the church.

l. 61. **sings.** Perhaps Shakespeare recalled the Hebrew verse, Job xxxviii. 7: "When the morning stars sang together," and thought of each star as singing by itself as it revolves in its orbit.

l. 62. **quiring.** Singing in concert with **cherubins.** The Hebrew plural of cherub is *cherubim*, or *cherubin.* Shakespeare adds an English plural ending to this form. The cherubim were one of the orders of angels. For the Hebrew conception of the cherubim, see Ezekiel x.

l. 64. **muddy vesture of decay.** The body.

l. 65. **cannot hear it.** When only, according to Shakespeare, may men expect to hear this singing of the stars?

l. 66. **Diana.** The goddess of the moon. See also I., ii., 103, note.

l. 70. **spirits.** Mind. Read again II., vii., 46, and IV., i., 361, and tell in what two other meanings this word has already been used in Shakespeare.

l. 70. **attentive.** Fastened on serious thoughts, and not, therefore, free and merry.

l. 77. **mutual.** General, common.

l. 79. **poet.** Probably referring here to Ovid, from whom Shakespeare drew many of his stories of Greek and Roman mythology.

l. 80. **feign.** Pretend, by his imaginative invention.

l. 80. **Orpheus.** The famous musician who accompanied Jason on his expedition after the Golden Fleece. He was said to be able to draw after him, by the power of his music, the trees, the stones, and the rivers, and to guide and rule the wild beasts.

l. 86. **spirit.** With which of the three meanings that we have had thus far is this word used here?

l. 86. **dull.** Slow, or gloomy.

l. 87. **Erebus.** The extremely dark and gloomy passage through which the souls of the dead had to pass on their way from Earth to Hades.

ll. 1–88. Has Jessica changed in character? Why does she seem different here?

l. 91. **good deed.** What verse in the Sermon on the Mount does this remind you of?

l. 91. **naughty.** For the meaning here see III., iii., 9.

l. 99. **respect.** Respect to circumstances and surroundings.

l. 103. **attended.** Listened to ; or, perhaps, attended by the appropriate surroundings. What is it, does Portia think, that gives the chief attractiveness and charm to the song of the nightingale? What is the present implication of her remark?

l. 107. **season.** Right time.

l. 107. **season'd.** We have already had this word in two meanings: one in III., ii., 76, and again in IV., i., 190. Which meaning is used here?

l. 109. **Peace.** To whom does Portia address these words?

l. 109. **Endymion.** A beautiful young boy loved by the moon-goddess, Diana. She caused him to fall into a perpetual sleep on the side of a mountain, in order that, without his knowledge, she might gaze on his beauty, and print a kiss upon his lips.

l. 121. **tucket.** A flourish on a trumpet.

l. 127. **Antipodes.** The people that live on the opposite side of the globe. Why did Bassanio think that they were having their day at the same time as were the Antipodes?

l. 129. **light.** Where twice before in the play has this word been punned upon?

l. 130. **heavy.** Sorrowful.

l. 132. **sort all.** Decide for all ; *i.e.* as He thinks best.

ll. 136, 137. What pun in these lines?

l. 141. **breathing courtesy.** What is the meaning of this, and what similar expression did the servant use in II., ix. ?

l. 146. **posy.** Motto. Judging from the next line, on what other things besides rings should you say that these mottoes were often inscribed?

l. 154. **respective.** Mindful.

l. 160. **scrubbed.** Some commentators explain the meaning of this by referring to *scrub* in "scrub-oak," a kind of dwarf-oak.

l. 174. **mad.** Does this mean only *vexed*, as it is often improperly used to-day ?

l. 197. **contain.** Retain.

l. 201. **modesty.** For the meaning here see II., ii., 183.

l. 202. **to.** As to.

l. 202. **ceremony.** Something held sacred.

l. 224. **advised.** Where used in the same sense before ?

l. 237. **wealth.** Welfare.

l. 238. **which.** What is the antecedent of *which ?*

l. 239. **miscarried.** Suffered injury.

l. 275. **charge us there upon inter'gatories.** A law term explained by the following: "In the Court of Queen's Bench, when a complaint is made against a person for 'contempt,' the practice is that before sentence is finally pronounced he is sent into the Crown Office, and being there 'charged upon interrogatories,' he is made to swear that he will 'answer all things faithfully.'" — Campbell.

ll. 1–278. What do you consider the chief purpose of this last act?

Review of Acts I. — V. Review the play by giving in order from memory the subject of each scene; then again by giving the subject of each act. Where do you consider the turning-point, or crisis, of the play to be? Remember that this crisis is apt to come near the middle of the play. Unravel each one of the four stories that go to make up this play. At what point do these four stories come together for a short time.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES

Several subjects have already been suggested in the notes. Many others may be found.

1. The Wit of Antonio contrasted with that of Gratiano.
2. The Kindness of Antonio.
3. The Character of Bassanio: Was he worthy of Portia?
4. Was Bassanio seeking Portia for Love or for Money?
5. The Friendship between Antonio and Bassanio: Was it equally strong on both sides?
6. The Characters of the Three Suitors as revealed by their Choice of the Caskets.
7. The Foresight of Portia's Father as shown in his Will.
8. The Three Lovers of the Play and their Ways of Winning their Wives.
9. Portia and Jessica as Daughters.
10. Portia and Jessica in Disguise.
11. Launcelot and his Jokes.

12. The Development of Shylock's Plan for Revenge.

13. The Morality of Antonio compared with that of Shylock.

14. The Law in the Trial Scene: Was Shylock justly condemned?

15. The Light and the Serious Elements in Portia's Character.

16. The Play as an Exhibition of Two Great Passions.

17. The Dark and Light Effects in the Play. (How interwoven?)

18. The Relation of Mercy and Law in Business Relations: What Shakespeare would teach by the play.

19. Shylock and Isaac of York (*Ivanhoe*).

20. The Friendship of Antonio and Bassanio compared with that of David and Jonathan, or with that of Achilles and Patroclus.

21. The Four Stories of the Play.

22. The Bible in the Play.

23. Classical Allusions in the Play.

24. Qualities of Literary Style in the Play.

25. Illustrations for an Edition of the Play.

26. The Metre of the Play: How certain metres are very effectively used.

27. Allusions to England in the Elizabethan Age.

28. Shylock on the Stage.

For the last topic, see especially articles on Kean, Booth, and Irving. The Furness *Variorum* and Professor Dowden's *Introduction to Shakespeare* are especially good on this last subject. For Kean, see also Hazlitt (*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*)

DURATION OF ACTION

We need not feel especially troubled if, when we begin to plot out such a matter-of-fact affair as a time-table, this play reveals some inconsistencies. Shakespeare uses many devices to make us feel the lapse of the three months that the bond was to run. At the same time, for the sake of sustaining the interest in the action, he pushes the plot forward as rapidly as possible.

The action of this play is presented in eight days, and the following table (Daniel's *Time-Analysis of the Plots of Shakespeare's Plays*) is as satisfactory as any: —

Day 1. Act I. Interval — say a week.

Day 2. Act II., i.–vii. Interval — one day.

Day 3. Act II., viii.–ix. Interval — bringing the time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the bond.

Day 4. Act III., i. Interval — rather more than a fortnight.

Day 5. Act III., ii.–iv.

Day 6. Act III., v.; Act IV.

Days 7 and 8. Act V.

In reading the play the student is advised to work out from time to time the reasons for this computation.

THE METRE OF THE PLAY

In reading Shakespeare we must not forget that we are usually reading poetry, and that poetry is music. Music, as well as words, is a medium for the expression of thought, a medium

most delicate and sensitive, and capable of making us feel and understand what words could never express. If then we would think and feel with Shakespeare, we must respond to the rhythm of his verse. Where prose occurs in the play, there is usually some change in the characters, or some variation in emotion.

The Normal Verse. — In the verse of Shakespeare's drama the normal line is as follows: —

"In sooth, | I know | not why | I am | so sad:" |
— I., i., 1.

This verse consists of five feet; it is therefore called a pentameter. Each foot consists of two syllables, of which the second is accented; each foot is called an iambus. This gives to the verse the full name of "iambic pentameter."

Variations in the Number of Feet. — But Shakespeare is a poet, an artist, and he seeks not regularity and monotony but melody and variation. In the first place the number of syllables in the line is not always exactly ten. The following line has three extra syllables, which make an extra foot and one unaccented syllable besides: —

"Because | you are | not sad. | Now by | two-headed Janus,"
— I., i., 50.

Such a line is called a hexameter, or an Alexandrine, and is not common in this play. Very frequently, however, as in this same line, a single unaccented syllable will be "left over." In this case the verse is said to have a feminine ending. Lines also occur of less than ten syllables, although a verse left incom-

plete by one speaker is frequently completed by another. The following, for example, is only one verse: —

"Would máke | me sád. |
My wínd | coóling | my bróth," |
— I., i., 22.

Variations in the Kind of Feet. — Variations also occur in the kind of feet; they are not all iambi. In the last quotation the fourth foot is a trochee (two syllables, of which the first is accented). Some commentators, however, choose to divide the last part of this verse thus: —

"My wínd, | (pause) cóol | ing my bróth."

Such a division substitutes, for the iambus in the last foot, an anapest (three syllables, of which the last is accented). In some cases the accent seems to waver between two successive syllables without settling strongly on either; occasionally, also, two successive syllables are both strongly accented. Finally, it must be remembered that the pronunciation of some words in Shakespeare's time differed from the usage of to-day. The question of pronunciation was not so well settled then as now, and some words were pronounced in more than one way. Thus, *ocean* is treated sometimes as of three syllables, the Latin being *o-cē-a-nus*.

Occasionally a stanza is introduced containing a metre entirely different from the iambic pentameter. In the lyrics of *The Merchant of Venice* most of the lines are trochaic tetrameter (four trochees in a line) with the occasional substitution

of an iambus, or of a dactyl (three syllables, of which the first is accented).

"Often | have you | heard that told:
Many a man his | life hath | sold."
— II., vii., 66, 67.

Sometimes an iambic line is substituted in one of the trochaic stanzas, as in II., vii., 72.

In V., i., note also the amœbean verses, and the stichomythia; both of these terms are explained on p. 184, ll. 1–24 — note.

SOURCES OF THE PLAY

The Originality of Shakespeare. — Shakespeare was not an imitator nor a plagiarist, although he probably never devised the entire plot of any one of his dramas. But what need had he of original stories when in London libraries and bookstalls could be found translations of French and Italian romances, and when the history of his own country and of Scotland was full of the most thrilling tragedy? What time, moreover, had he in which to devise plots had he wished, since he was actor as well as playwright, and since, as Dr. Furness shows us from an examination of the diary of the stage-manager, Henslowe, the London public demanded "a new play, upon an average, every seventeen or eighteen days, including Sundays"? Shakespeare himself, as the same author computes, must have written on the average at least two plays a year. Above all it must be remembered that the story or old play that Shakespeare found ready made, was a mere outline, and that it had to be altered to suit

his taste, that it had sometimes to be combined with other stories, and that its shadowy characters had to be developed and made lifelike.

The Merchant of Venice: (1) The Bond Story. — One reading of *The Merchant of Venice* will reveal two distinct stories, that usually spoken of as *The Bond Story*, and that known as *The Three Caskets*. In the Elizabethan age these were already old and had been told by many people in many tongues. The Bond story, with some variation in details, was known among the Hindus in India, among the Turks in Constantinople, and among the Persians. It is found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a collection of legends and stories written in Latin by English monks of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. It is written in English in the *Cursor Mundi*, a poem composed about 1320. Finally it appears in one of those Italian novels so popular in Shakespeare's time, *Il Pecorone*. In many respects the drama corresponds very closely to this novel. In the novel, as in Shakespeare, the merchant lends money to a friend (his godchild in fact), in order that the latter may win a fair lady for his wife. The generous lender is forgotten by the ardent lover and is in danger of losing his life, when he is rescued by the lady herself in the guise of a lawyer. Here, moreover, the mystery of the lady's disguise is solved by the episode of the rings, itself really a third narrative, and, except in this novel, not united with the story of the bond. In addition to the sources mentioned above, two English ballads have been found relating the story of the Jew and the pound of flesh. Possibly, however, these ballads may have been based upon the play; the date of their composition is uncertain. Although not in any

sense a story, *The Orator*, a French work translated into English and printed in London just before *The Merchant of Venice* was published, may have had some effect upon Shakespeare's play. This book discusses various questions of science and law, among others "Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian."

(2) **The Three Caskets.** — In one or another form, The Three Caskets was also in Shakespeare's day an oft-told tale. As early as the year 800 it was written in Greek by a monk of Syria, and before 1200 was translated into Latin. Then the story seems to have passed from one group of narratives to another, appearing in Italian in the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, and later in the *Golden Legend* (a collection of the biographies of saints), and appearing again in English in the *Confessio Amantis*, a poem written by Gower, a contemporary of Chaucer.

(3) **The Jessica Story.** — The story of Jessica and of her elopement with Lorenzo is traced by some (Dunlop) to another old Italian tale. I give a quotation from the *Variorum* of Dr. Furness: "'It is the story of a young gentleman of Messina, who becomes enamoured of the daughter of a rich Neapolitan miser. As the father keeps his child perpetually shut up, the lover has recourse to stratagem. Pretending to set out on a long journey, he deposits with the miser a number of valuable effects, leaving, among other things, a female slave, who prepossesses the mind of the girl in favour of her master, and finally assists in the elopement of the young lady, and the robbery of her father's jewels, which she carries along with her. . . . It is not improbable that the avaricious father in this tale, the daughter so carefully shut up, the elopement of

the lovers managed by the intervention of a servant, the robbery of the father, and his grief on the discovery, which is represented as divided between the loss of his daughter and ducats, may have suggested the third plot in Shakespeare's drama, — the love and elopement of Jessica and Lorenzo.' "

Gosson's Jew and Marlowe's Jew of Malta. — There still remain two more probabilities to be considered. In a tirade upon the abuses of the stage, Stephen Gosson, a short time before *The Merchant of Venice* was published, refers to a play which he calls the "Jew," and in connection with it speaks of "the greediness of worldly chusers" and "the bloody mindes of usurers." Critics have thought it very likely that these words might refer to an older play than Shakespeare's, a play in which the several stories were already combined, and which was rewritten by Shakespeare, or which at least formed the outline of *The Merchant of Venice.* Marlowe, also, a dramatist second only to Shakespeare at that time, had written, about 1590, a play known as *The Jew of Malta.* There are lines in this play which almost surely suggested certain details of *The Merchant of Venice.*

Dr. Lopez. — In conclusion, one fact of contemporary history needs to be noted. Although, according to the law of England, the Jews were excluded from that country during the time of Shakespeare, yet some of them surely evaded the law. It is interesting to know that in 1594, probably two years before the composition of this play, a certain Dr. Lopez, an eminent Jewish physician of London, was publicly executed for treason. He had become implicated in certain court troubles by a Portuguese refugee, a man bearing the suggestive

name of Antonio Perez. The affair caused general interest and excitement in London, and we can easily imagine that Shakespeare might have been as much stirred as any by the death of the unfortunate doctor.

Summary. — That parts of *The Merchant of Venice* can be traced back into the Dark Ages, is not by any means a proof that Shakespeare spent his days and nights poring over old manuscripts and translating forgotten languages before he began to stir the heart of Bassanio with love for the Lady of Belmont, or before he set Shylock to work on his evil plot against Antonio. Indeed he was probably not aware of the existence of most of the "sources" that his commentators have spent their lives in unearthing. Perhaps he was familiar with the Italian novel in the original, or in an English translation; perhaps he had heard a ballad about a cruel Jew. In brief the truth probably is that Shakespeare founded his play on the older one mentioned by Gosson, that one of these two plays derived much of its material from *Il Pecorone*, that Shakespeare found some suggestions in Silvayn's *Orator*, and in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, and that as he wrote he often thought of Dr. Lopez and of his undeserved fate.

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